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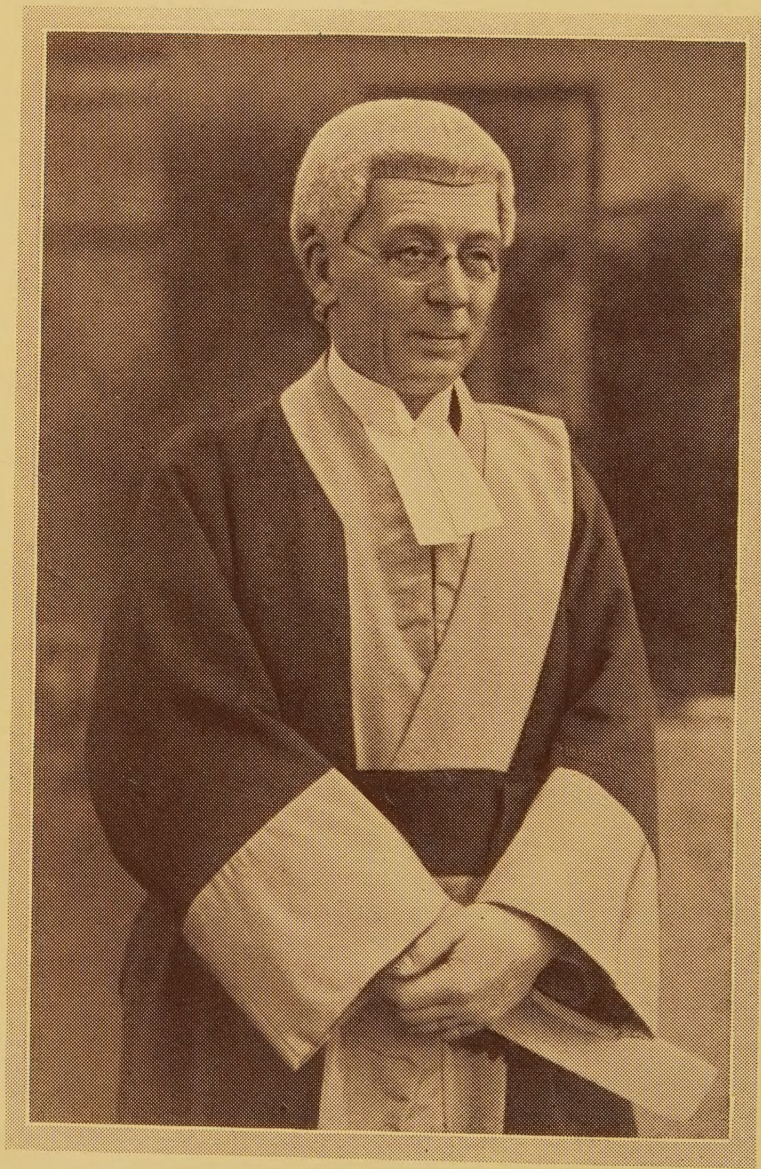

Yours very truly

Oscar Thompson

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 151 October, 1928

Our October Number

By THE EDITOR

OUR October frontispiece is the portrait of His Honour Judge Owen Thompson, K.C., whose new honour has given pleasure to a host of friends. His own feeling we believe is that to be a plain Methodist local preacher is better than any other title. 'The Gospel of the Harnessed Intellect' is a word for a busy and nerve-racking age. Mr. Weatherhead thinks the strain is not due to overwork. The Niagara is harnessed so that it may mean for us spiritual ability, achievement, and power. We need such power if the Church's mission is to be accomplished and these winter months open many doors. October is especially the opportunity for winning the young. The Committee which considered this subject said in its report to Conference, 'We ought not to force a religious crisis upon the young, but neither ought we to fear it, nor encourage them to evade it when it comes. Rather we covet for them the immense advantage of a splendid and decisive entrance upon a Christian life.' There is no Master for life's work to compare with Christ.

Sunday School Work.

The Rev. C. F. Hunter has written a little volume on this subject, which is published by our Sunday School Union at 2*s*. It dwells on the greatness of the work and shows how Jesus looked on children. The characteristics of childhood and the methods best adapted to meet the needs of various ages are all clearly brought out. Such a book was greatly needed and it could not have been prepared with more skill and wise discernment.

An American Doctor looks on Luther.

In the *Princeton Review* Professor Faulkner answers various charges made against Luther by a Roman Catholic layman of Lynn, Mass. First of all Dr. Faulkner vindicates the character of Luther's father, who was 'sober, steady, God-fearing, industrious, ambitious, thoughtful,' and then he shows that Luther's letter to Melancthon from the Wartburg was probably a deliberate, half-joking exaggeration of his faults. The Romanist's criticism is disingenuous and ill-informed. Dr.

Faulkner's is a very interesting vindication of the Reformer. Dr. Wilson writes on 'Foreign Words in the Old Testament as an evidence of Historicity.' The words prove that the Old Testament records from the first of Genesis to the last chapter of Nehemiah come from original sources, extending all along the line from Abraham to Ezra.

Human Life in the Modern World.

The Rev. Ronald Ross comes to 'Close Quarters' with this subject in a book published by the Student Christian Movement (2*s.*). His year's leave from his professorship in Canton has been filled by a stream of meetings, conferences, and campaigns, but he has been brought into touch with what men are saying and thinking in England. He finds this 'a very interesting and jolly world to be living in,' yet 'with all our progress we only seem to get involved the deeper in a kind of international jungle of economic, social, political, and racial relationships from all our concerns and our proper response is to be interested in God's interests. We must be conscious agents in His purposes for His human family and to act together under His Mastermind. That spirit breathes through all missionary service. The world needs supremely 'men and women who will rise up and burn all their boats, forget themselves, and launch out upon the high seas of God.'

The Primacy.

The Liverpool Conference sent the Archbishop of Canterbury the assurance of its profound regard for himself and its gratitude for the service he has rendered to Catholic Christianity during his long life of responsibility. Dr. Lidgett will have more to say about Dr. Davidson in an article which is to appear in our November issue. Meanwhile we feel that Methodism has a true friend in Dr. Lang, who first appeared in our Conference as Bishop of Stepney and came as Archbishop to welcome us at York. He entertained several ministers at the palace, and also sent a gracious letter to the Pastoral Session. The affectionate goodwill of Methodism will go with him to Lambeth. May his rule be blessed to the deepening of religious life throughout the Empire. Dr. William Temple, who becomes Archbishop of York, has won the ear of our educated youth, and as philosopher, theologian, and indomitable worker, he commands the confidence of all churches.

John Telford

The Gospel of the Harnessed Instinct

By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A.

IT is common knowledge in these psychological days that the human personality contains instincts which are its driving forces. The word instinct is often used very loosely. Strictly speaking we may reduce the instincts to three. The instinct of self, of sex, and the social or herd instinct. Derived from these, and commonly miscalled instincts, are the instinctive tendencies, and linked with these tendencies, giving the tendency its drive or power, is a characteristic emotion. For example, take the instinct of self in its aspect of self-preservation. One of the instinctive tendencies derived from it is that of flight, and the emotion linked with it, and giving it its power, is fear. If we use an illustration of a river we may say that in the mind of every man, woman, and child there is a river of psychic life which breaks into three separate channels, which we may label self, sex, and social. Those again divide into lesser channels such as flight, maternal care, imitativeness, and so on, and we may think of emotion as the slope of ground which gives the river its flowing power. Such emotions as fear, love, wonder, all play their part.

In ancient days we can see how necessary these driving forces were. Take the evolution of the animal. The swiftness of the horse is due to the fact that the horse has this kind of psychological mechanism. It has an instinct for preservation, and at the first scratch of a leopard the emotion of fear kindles the instinctive tendency to flight, and the safety of the animal depends on its speed, and still a horse will shy at an old coat on the road, because the mechanism still works which tends to make him flee from a crouching beast of prey.

The Drive of Instinct.

Man from the earliest days of babyhood acts and reacts according to the drive of his instincts far more than is commonly supposed. He fondly imagines in maturity that he is guided by reason. As a matter of fact, in ninety cases out of a hundred he is guided by instinct, and makes up his reason afterwards. Children do the same. A little girl was learning to ride a bicycle, and unfortunately fell off it and hurt her knee. She at once made the remark, ' Oh, well, anyway, it's tea-time! ' which is a very unimportant incident proving a very great principle.

She reacted instinctively against appearing clumsy and unable to ride well—in this case the instinct of self-pride was kindled by the emotion of fear of being ridiculed—and afterwards made up her reason that anyway it was tea-time.

It is important that if we are going to try and steer the lives of children for God we ought to know as much as possible about the way their minds are made. Supposing one goes back to the thought of the river of psychic life. We can see that if at any point a river is dammed there will be a swamp unless that river can be led away into other channels. As soon as one gets into touch with a child one realizes that he acts and reacts in obedience to his instincts. I want to suggest that when this instinctive urge leads him to do things of which we disapprove, it would be far better to find him some other channel for that river than to dam it. Incalculable harm can be done to a child by the latter method, which is done often by *ridicule*. A man of over forty came to see me once, and he was in pitiable distress, unable to grasp one's hand or look one in the face, unable to face the demands of his business, unable to go into any building where others were congregated, and the whole reason of his trouble was (as patient analysis discovered) that when he had been a boy his instinct for self-assertion had been dammed and thwarted in every possible way. He was the youngest boy in a big family, and came to be despised and looked down on, not only by his brothers and sisters, but by his father and mother. The attitude taken to him was '*You* can't do anything. No one will want to employ *you*. *You'll* never make much out of life,' and so on. In this way the lad shrunk into himself, no outlet was shown him in which his energy could assert itself, and he developed what we call an inferiority complex, which forty years years later caused the symptoms which I have described. The damage can be repaired by dragging long forgotten incidents, when inferiority was produced, up into the light of consciousness, and also by showing him methods in which he could express himself for the good of the community. Now he is a keen and enthusiastic officer of our Church.

I know from experience how difficult it is to submit to the expression of instinctive energy which a child will find. A baby banging his spoon on his plate, throwing his toy on the floor as fast as one can pick it up, pulling off, again and again, the sock which his mother has put on; a small boy, who, in sword and helmet prances about the dining-room beating a tin tray; the little girl who wades into the deepest puddles; all of them are

simply acting in response to their instinct of self, and self-assertion. The little boy who takes your gold watch, opens it with a knife, and stirs up the works with a pin, is acting in response to his instinctive tendency of curiosity. The little fellow at the Christmas party who cries to have a paper cap out of a cracker because the other boys have got one, is reacting in response to the drive of the herd-instinct, fired by the emotion of fear, the fear of being unlike the others. The little boy who stands on the head of the drawing-room sofa with a wooden sword in his hand, and, to the horror of his aunt, cries, 'I am king of the castle, get down you dirty rascal,' is acting thus in response to his instinct for self-assertion. Supposing in these cases we act according to our easy desire for a quiet life, then the child's assertiveness, thwarted, may become inferiority. The instinct to be like others, if thwarted, will make an oddity, and tend to lead to nervous breakdown in the prime of life. Curiosity thwarted may become a morbid perversion, and so on. But it is just that instinct for assertion rightly led into other channels which makes for leadership. It is just that instinct of curiosity rightly led which gives us our research chemists, and our explorers. It is just that instinct of the herd which makes for fellowship. It is a commonplace that the worst boys in the Sunday school often turn out the best men, and the reason is that the anger and passion which may, in childhood, be manifested in the stamping of feet, or the flying into a paddy, can, if rightly led, become a passionate love of truth, or a passionate hatred of some great evil. It is these ideas which lie behind the right understanding of the word education, which means drawing out into true channels the powers within the child. For is it an accident that they are born with these instincts? None of them are evil things. We have sneered at selfishness, at imitativeness, and for many the word sex is almost unclean; but it is the perversions of these instincts that are unpleasant, not the instincts themselves. God gave us them, and in themselves, like all His gifts, they are wholly good and beautiful.

Knowledge, The Sister of Piety.

I know that a good deal of this will seem mere theorizing to some who so nobly are tackling the actual work of training children. I know that under many modern conditions, both in day schools and Sunday schools it is almost impossible to give a child that individual attention which is necessary to carry out the ideas I have put forward. I know also that some will feel

like an elderly man to whom I suggested some of these ideas in conversation, and who turned to his wife and said, ' Mary, it's a wonder our children ever grew up at all.' But just as the modern parent has quite a lot of knowledge which formerly was wholly within the province of the doctor, so in these days the modern parent will find it helpful to know truths about a child's mind which formerly were wholly in the province of the psychologist. Knowledge is not the enemy of piety, but her sister. We want to lead and direct the glorious activity of our children into these channels which make for a harmonious and full-orbed personality, and which make the child more able to serve God in bringing in His Kingdom.

Nor is this gospel limited in its application to the child. For instance, to quote a well-known illustration, an old man is walking down a lane when he finds himself being chased by a bull. He leaps over a five-barred gate at the side of the lane with astonishing speed and agility, though he finds later that it is only with the greatest difficulty that he can get over the gate at all. Whence has come this new accession of power? It has come not from mere will, but from the instinct of self-preservation fired by the emotion of fear. Take another example. A woman finds herself tired out with house-work, and can hardly put one foot before another when her child falls ill, tirelessly she tends the child, perhaps sitting up night after night nursing it. Whence comes this new accession of energy? It is the instinctive tendency of motherhood fired by the emotion of love. A man is lying in bed on Sunday morning determined not to go to church. Somebody shouts ' fire ! ' and he is at the end of the garden in five seconds. Then notice a further development. Supposing someone tells him that his little daughter is still in the burning building. Then blinding smoke, scorching flame, and falling timber will not keep him back. In the first place the power to get up came from the instinct of self-preservation fired by the emotion of fear, but in the second place the power to go back into the building is derived from the instinctive tendency of the father fired by the emotion of love.[1]

We may talk as much as we like about man being impelled by reason, and we may emphasize the power of will, but in the main the driving forces of our personality are those primaeval instincts fired by equally primaeval emotions. It must be obvious

[1] It is interesting to notice that the power released on behalf of another is greater than the urge to protect oneself. A leopard will fight till blood flows to protect itself, but to protect its cubs it will fight to the death.

to all of us that in early times there was more scope for the direct play of instinct than there is to-day. For instance, the acquisitive instinctive tendency was directed toward the accumulation of the raw materials of life: food, shelter, and weapons, which, when required, are now obtained with far less output of energy. The superfluity of this energy accounts for the way people fill their houses with useless things. The combative instinctive tendency of primitive man was constantly in play for he had to fight for his very existence. The superfluity of this urge explains why some Trustees' Meetings are bear gardens. The sex instinct was originally required in great strength to reproduce large quantities of the species, but this has been made less necessary by civilization, which takes such tremendous care of the young, and the ailing. The superfluity of this urge explains the appeal of the low music-hall actress whose main asset is sufficient immodesty to show as much of her body as the law will allow. There is, therefore, a tremendous amount of primitive energy which is left over, as we might say, which man no longer needs for the ordinary purposes of life, and which he has on his hands. With it he may do one of four things. He may expend it according to its primitive purpose in which case he will often find himself up against the law. He may divert it into a perverted channel, which is bad for his moral, mental, and physical health. He may repress it, that is, try and bottle it all up, in which case he is on the road to a nervous breakdown, and should be told that the far end of that road is insanity. Or he may sublimate it, as we say, that is, he may harness it, not to its biological end, but to some purpose, satisfactory to the highest ideals of the self, and of value to the community. This is the way of harmonious life, and this is what I mean by the gospel of the harnessed instinct. Take as an illustration of this the instinct of sex which unfortunately—largely owing to the hush! hush! methods of regarding it—from becoming a beautiful thing has become, to many people, a murky thing. In this instinct, which everybody possesses, we have one of the greatest forces of our personality. Obviously the restraints of civilization have left us with a great deal of sex-energy on our hands. Very few people can find an adequate outlet for that energy in the purpose for which it was called into being, namely the reproduction of the species.

Three Great Alternatives.

There still remain, then, three alternatives. The first is to pervert the instinct, which may lead to all kinds of morbid

secret habits or curiosities. The second way is repression, which many people follow, pretending that they have no such instinct. This is almost certain to lead to nervous breakdown if not something worse. The third is a sublimation whereby the instinct finds an outlet, perhaps in some other creative activity. For if the personality can create anything, whether it be something we make with our hands, a poem we write, a picture we paint, this is an outlet for the instinct named. Our own language is exceedingly revealing in this matter. We talk of a man being *wedded* to his art, and we talk of a man's books or paintings as his children, or we say that a thing is *lovely,* and the very words show that there is a link between these things and the creative instinct. On the other hand many people find they can harness this instinct by caring for children. There are hundreds of people who for many reasons will never have children of their own, and they find an outlet for their maternal and paternal love in caring for the children of others. One thinks of Miss Amy Wilson Carmichael gathering little temple girls from all parts of India into her home at Dohnavur. My wife said to her on one occasion, ' What a pity you have no children of your own. You would have made such a splendid mother.' She replied, ' Yes, but isn't it far better to mother all these little motherless ones for God.' One thinks of Josephine Butler, coming home late one evening, and her only daughter, a little girl, rushing in excitement from her bedroom upstairs to greet her mother, and falling over the banisters at her mother's feet, to be taken up dead. And then one remembers how Mrs. Josephine Butler went out to mother thousands of girls who otherwise would have known nothing of mother-love.

Because of little pallid lips which once
My name did call,
No childish voice in vain appeal, upon
My ears doth fall.
I count it all my joy their joys to share,
And sorrows small.
Because of little death-cold feet, for earth's
Rough roads unmeet,
I'd journey leagues to save from sin and harm
Such little feet,
And count the lowliest service done for them,
So sacred sweet.

Perhaps one might reverently say that when Jesus called little children to Him and could not bear that they should be parted from Him, we have an example not only of a great teacher

teaching a lesson about the nature of the Kingdom, but also a perfect personality finding an outlet for this great instinctive energy which is part of true human nature. A perfect harmonious personality must find some scope for every instinct. St. Paul also provides us with an interesting illustration of the harnessed instinct. Evidently he had a strong combative instinctive tendency, and at one time it found its expression in persecuting those who did not believe as he did. But it is noteworthy that when he was converted this energy was not bottled up in any way. It was simply led into a new channel, and the same urge which made him a persecutor made him the greatest missionary advocate in the early Church. In this connexion we may say in parenthesis that the fact of man possessing a strong combative instinct does not necessarily mean, as some have suggested, that wars will always happen. For man can divert the energy which might result in war into activity for the good of the community.

Conditions for Harnessing Instincts.

If the instincts are to be harnessed in a satisfactory way the harnessing must fulfil two conditions. It must be satisfactory to the individual, and secondly of value to the community. The lady who keeps a little Pekinese and lavishes affection upon it because she has no child, does not find harmony for her personality because neither of the conditions is fulfilled. It is not satisfactory to her ideal self, and it is of no value to the community. To adopt a child from the National Children's Home would be better, because it would help both conditions. We must sit down and ask ourselves quite frankly which instinct of ours constitutes the greatest drive in our nature. It may be self-assertion, or self-display, or some other tendency derived from the self instinct. It may be that our main energies derive from the sex instinct. It may be that they derive from the social, or herd instinct. We must then look for some channel into which the stream of energy can be turned, which shall be at once satisfactory to our ideal self, and of value to the community. Only thus shall we find a completely harmonious life. Hundreds of evils will disappear when each one of us thinks enough of his own mental make-up to find this ideal outlet for our energies. Betting, for instance, is often indulged in because the instinct of self-assertion is repressed. If a man ' backs a winner ' there is a psychological sense in which by a kind of identification he becomes a winner himself and lavishes upon himself self-admiration. Indeed, others lavish it upon

him when they congratulate him. If, therefore, a man is in some industry in which his instincts are repressed and in which he cannot realize himself, then he will be found following some hobby, self-indulgence or entertainment in which instinctive self-assertion finds an outlet. Betting is the laziest and easiest way of achieving this end.

The last suggestion I want to make is that there is an outlet in which we ought all to be able to find self-realization. I mean that tremendous idea which Jesus called the Kingdom of God. The disciples found realization for their work was creative. Men were born again. Thus the sex instinct found expression. It was a realization of the wish for power over others, and therefore the self instinct found expression. It was a realization of fellowship and so the herd instinct found expression, and all other so-called instincts derive from these three. The mistake that hundreds of people make is to suppose that they want rest. They are nervy, they say, or always tired, or irritable or peevish, or they have hideous nightmares and vile dreams. They are told possibly by an indulgent physician, that they should go to the South of France for a month, or have the Weir Mitchell treatment of inactivity and isolation, which in hundreds of cases is the very worst thing that could happen to them. Probably not one man or woman in a hundred really overworks. The causes of nervous breakdown, neurasthenia, and half the ills of our modern life are due not to overwork, but to the fact that our work does not really express our personality. It does not want to be lessened, it wants to be directed. We need a great purpose which will run through all the events of life as a thread runs through the beads of a necklace, giving even small events place, and meaning, and value. We are not to suppress our instincts but harness them. We can divert the rushing Niagara which, unmastered, would hurl us to destruction, and force it to serve our highest interests, so consecrating it that it may mean for us spiritual ability, achievement, and power. Then when this part of its work is done, the river of life shall pass peacefully through the green meadows of the evening-land till it flows out at last in perfect peace to the ocean of Eternal Love and Purpose.

Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

X PRAYER AND CHARACTER

ST. LUKE tells us that as Jesus ' was praying the fashion of His countenance was altered.' Have you ever thought of the Face of Jesus? We have applied to Him the Prophet's description of the suffering servant, ' His visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men.' ' A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.' But He Himself spoke of His ' joy,' so that somehow the sunshine and the shadows mingled on that Face.

Artists have made many efforts to depict the Face of Jesus, but none has been entirely successful. Some faces can be reproduced on canvas, but others cannot. You would need a hundred portraits to represent them adequately. They are not fixed in their expression, but reflect the changing emotions of the refined and sensitive soul within. Such was the Face of Jesus. Its lineaments shine through the Gospel story. Now it is indignant, as He burns with holy anger against sacrilege, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. Now it is suffused with tender compassion as the sick and sinful come to Him for healing. Now it is wet with tears as He weeps by the grave of His friend. Now it is fixed with stern resolve, as He sets His face as a flint to go to meet the ordeal that awaits Him at Jerusalem. Now it is radiant with the joy of the shepherd who finds his sheep that was lost. Now it is sadly sorrowful as one of His disciples betrays Him and another denies Him. And once more it is lit up with a yearning love as He prays for His enemies. It was, indeed, a wondrous Face. But what do we read? ' As He was praying the fashion of His countenance was altered.' Prayer could transform even that wondrous Face.

This is of interest to us because the face is a revelation of character. We are wont to judge one another by the fashion of the countenance. We often make mistakes through rushing to conclusions too hastily, but we are right in supposing that many of the materials for forming a judgement are there. For instance, impurity, intemperance, covetousness, and deceit write themselves in large characters upon our faces and cannot be hid. To a large extent we fashion our countenance as we fashion our character. No man who lives in the transforming fellowship of God is ugly, in the true sense of the word. Have you not

seen rugged, worn, and irregular features made beautiful with a heavenly radiance? The ' beauty of holiness ' is not a mere figure of speech; it is a literal fact. Someone has written: ' Prayer will in time make the human countenance its own divinest altar; years upon years of true thoughts, like ceaseless music shut up within, will vibrate along the nerves of expression until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into correspondence, and the harmony of visible form matches the unheard harmonies of the mind.' The plastic clay of the body is moulded by the inner forces of the spirit.

> Of soul the body form doth take,
> For soul is form and doth the body make.

I. *Prayer gives us purity of heart.* The greatest miracle of the New Testament is the sinlessness of Jesus. His temptations were real temptations. It was no sham fight in which He was engaged. The secret of His victory is to be found in the lonely hours spent on the mountain-top and in the desert place. Sin could gain no foothold in Him, because He lived in unclouded communion with God.

Fellowship with the pure and holy always transforms character. Our Lord appointed twelve, not merely that He might instruct them, but that ' they might be with Him.' Holy fellowship was as necessary to their education as instruction in the truths of the Kingdom. Every one who is striving to live the Christian life knows the value of intimate intercourse with those who are holier than himself. Communion with the pure and holy makes us ashamed of sin. ' Depart from me,' said Peter, ' for I am a sinful man, O Lord.' We must either give up the sin or give up the fellowship.

When we enter the presence of God we see ourselves in our true colours. The baseness of our ambitions, the unholiness of our impulses, and the pettiness and meanness of our motives are all revealed to us. We discover that uncharity, malice, envy, and pride lurk unsuspected in the secret places of our hearts, and we cry out to God, ' crooked and warped I am, and I would fain straighten myself by Thy right line again.' As we pray our character is changed.

II. *Prayer gives us an understanding of life's purpose.* In the hour of prayer there was revealed to Jesus the deepest purpose of His life, and He knew that the way which he was treading led to the Cross. It was only gradually that His Father's purpose concerning Him was revealed to Him. At length, He began ' to show unto His disciples how that He must

go up to Jerusalem and be killed and the third day raised up.' But none the less He felt the need of the confirming of His own spirit. This He found in the strength which came to Him through communion with His Father. When He came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, He re-affirmed His vocation, ' The Son of Man shall be delivered into the hands of men.'

There is a purpose in every life. Sometimes we are perplexed to know what it is. Life seems aimless and our noblest efforts appear to be frustrated. But that is because our conception of the way in which our vocation is to be realized differs from God's. The school in which we can learn is that of prayer. Could we penetrate the secret of the inner life of the saints and spiritual pioneers of our race, we should find that the mighty purposes which they have carried to fruition have been discovered or formed upon their knees. Prayer brings new conceptions of duty, new calls to service, new revelations of our own capacities, new enthusiasms and heroisms, and new enduements of power. The place of prayer is a place of vision.

> Tasks in hours of insight will'd
> May be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

On the mountain-top we see our path stretching clearly before us in the valley beneath. Obstacles are dwarfed, and we think only of the glorious goal. But when we descend, we cannot see so far in front of us; obstacles are higher than we thought; the splendour of noon-day is left behind us and the shades of night begin to close in upon us. But the vision of the mountain-top never leaves us, and through the hours of gloom we are enabled to fulfil the task willed in the hour of insight. ' And it came to pass, when Moses came down from Mount Sinai with the two tables of the testimony in Moses's hand, when he came down from the mount, that Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone by reason of his speaking with God.' That is what will happen to us if we live in fellowship with God. Our faces will be transfigured because our characters will be transformed and men will ' take knowledge of us, that we have been with Jesus.'

The astronomers say that the sun is *terrible*. The poets say that it is *beautiful*. It is both. The Cross makes the same two-fold appeal. Viewed in *one* aspect, it terrifies me; I stand astounded, bewildered, dismayed. It seems to scorch my soul. Viewed in the *other* aspect, it unmans me. It dissolves my heart in thankfulness and melts my eyes to tears. And, in either aspect, it is a stupendous message.—*F. W. Boreham.*

A. L. Smith, Master of Balliol

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

THIS Life of the Master of Balliol is written ' from the inside ' by the Master's wife, and it is such a felicitous blend of biography and autobiography that it enlists our sympathy and admiration for both her husband and herself, and shows a scholar's life on every side. It is Mrs. Smith's first and only literary effort, and she has trusted to her memory, supplemented by the advice and help of her children, and the encouragement of her husband's old friend and pupil, J. C. B. Gamlen. The result is a real picture of an Oxford don at home and at college; among pupils, friends and children, full of sympathy and eager enjoyment from first to last. The book is published by Mr. Murray, with a noble portrait and other illustrations, which add much to its interest.

A Lonely Boyhood.

The Master's father, William Henry Smith, was a civil engineer, one of twenty-two children, nineteen of whom lived to grow up. He was of English ancestry, but was born and brought up in Ireland, where he served as an engineer during the famine of 1848. He afterwards worked under Brunel at the Thames Tunnel, and then with Thomas Brassey and Sir Morton Peto. He married Alice Strutt, whose father had been trained as a surgeon, but became a painter and etcher, and migrated to Rome.

Arthur Lionel was born in London on December 4, 1850. His father died early and Alderman Wise handed the child of six a presentation to Christ's Hospital, saying, ' Here, my boy, that's worth £500.' When he entered the school his mother with her other children went to Rome to live with her artist brother. For six years the boy knew no home but the school. Three times he had rheumatic fever, and the cold rooms and inadequate diet combined to sow the seeds of many later aches and pains. There were no playing fields for the crowd of 800 boys in their city quarters, and Grecians and Deputy Grecians were kept at classics from nine to twelve and mathematics from two to five. Next week the order was reversed, mathematics claimed the morning, classics the afternoon. The boys were so satisfied with their narrow curriculum that they resented the head master's decision that French marks should count in fixing a boy's position in class, and when set one afternoon to read aloud some scenes from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar,* they thought this too

modern and frivolous, though they soon began to wonder that there was really better drama in English than in Greek.

A Thirst for Reading.

A. L.'s father did not believe in premature education so that when the son was six he could neither read nor write. When tested for Scripture knowledge on admission to the school he escaped the bottom of the list because he had heard of the Lord's Prayer, whilst the other boy had not. Neither of them could say it! When A. L. did get admission to a library he read everything voraciously and promiscuously. His friend, R. H. Roe, tells how he got through Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge,* Mill's *Logic,* and all the volumes of Hallam's *Constitutional History*—rather unusual recreations for a schoolboy.

He had a special gift in essay-writing. His work was remarkable for compression of facts, wide range of thought, and sensible conclusions. In the Lower and Middle Schools the teaching was rather perfunctory, but for the last four years the higher classes were under stimulating headmasters, and their composition master rendered them the greatest service, both in classical composition and English essays, which he got them to bring to him at his house in Southampton Row. Meanwhile, his mother had married again and lived in Chicago. Her son only saw her twice afterwards, in 1871 when she came to England, and in 1910 when he visited America.

Goes up to Balliol.

He gained the first Classical prize at school, and won an exhibition of £40 a year for four years at Balliol, to which the School added £40 a year, with £20 or £30 for furniture, £10 for clothes, £20 for books. He was thus fairly launched at Oxford in 1869, though not dreaming that here was to be his home for life.

Meanwhile his mother's friend, Mrs. Frank Crossley, had become an English mother to the lonely youth. He was able to coach her Eton boy during the holidays, and enjoy with him yachting, riding, and shooting. Balliol soon put pupils under his care, and when he became tutor to Lord Lymington, he began to rub off his angles and find the world a pleasant place. Somerleyton, the Crossley's home in Suffolk, was his headquarters in vacations. There he met Mrs. Crossley's niece, Miss Baird, to whom he became engaged in 1877. He had gained an open Fellowship at Trinity College, but that ceased on marriage, and although a lectureship in Modern History was given him at Balliol, the Bairds only gave reluctant sanction to their

daughter's engagement, to one whom they called a ' detremental.' The difficulties were finally overcome, and the young folk were married in June 1879. They spent their honeymoon on the Thames and at riverside inns to the amusement of their friends.

At Home in Oxford.

Their Oxford home was 7 Crick Road, and with £600 a year they managed to live there in comfort. Jowett sent Smith abroad to prepare the present Marquis of Bath to enter Balliol, and A. L. took his wife with him to Baden Baden, where their son was born in August 1880. Jowett looked on Smith and his wife as the best fitted ' to drill into shape the backward but interesting sons of his numerous friends.' Mrs. Smith says no one could oppose Jowett. ' If he wished anything done it *was* done, and, moreover, we felt we were in a sense protégés of his, and I always liked the old man.'

Their little house was tightly packed with pupils and six of their nine chidlren were born there. But they were surrounded by friends, and the young tutor was taking his place as one of the most stimulating teachers at Oxford. He served as Junior Proctor with Henry Scott Holland, and Mrs. Smith gave him valuable help on the social side, and felt much drawn to Rescue work. Miss Skene's stories of Oxford life in earlier days used to thrill her with horror. It was a year of strain, but Scott Holland ' was pure sunshine then; the burdens of the flesh and the sorrows of the world had not begun to weigh on him; he was happy and he radiated happiness.'

The King's Mound.

Important examinerships brought Mr. Smith friends in Wales, Scotland, and all over England. His wife was able to help by adding up marks, doing up parcels, and reading manuscripts to him when his eyes were tired. He was keen on rowing and skating, and every day had its burst of violent exercise. Jowett had an official tutor's house built for them in ' The Master's Field,' and they moved into ' The King's Mound,' in September 1893. News of the Master's death came on the day that they entered this spacious home, and it seemed an irony of fate that their friend should never see them in it. It was a lively home. The children were going in a little troop to the High School; families of guinea pigs, rabbits, and pigeons pervaded the lawns, and the garden grew into new loveliness year by year.

A Powerful Teacher.

' A.L.' was now at the height of his power as a teacher. He made the past alive. If he spoke of Domesday Book he seemed

to have put his hands between the Conqueror's; some crabbed plea of a Manorial Court drew out his best skill. He might be called 'an incomparable showman of history because of the extraordinary gift he had for seeing history through the eyes of those who made it. Stubbs' Charters were changed from a valley of bones into a host of jolly, bustling humanity.' He knew how to inspire others. At a crowded meeting the difficulties of tutorial class students were under discussion and question after question was shot at him in the chair. 'One once famous centre had declined to twelve students only; what was to be done? Like a flash the Master turned upon the questioner with his own inimitable inflexion of voice. "How many Apostles were there?" That scene lives in the memory as perhaps his truest message to his generation—"How many Apostles were there?"'

The War and the Mastership.

His work as a Curator of the Bodleian greatly interested him, and he delighted in the company of his colleague, Sir William Osler, the beloved physician. The War was a hectic time at Oxford, and A.L. was kept busy addressing officers in training camps, and groups of industrial workers all over the country. The Mastership of Balliol came to him in 1916. He followed the custom of reading the first lesson at evening prayers in the College Chapel. Mrs. Smith made the selection, though he declined to read Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 24-34, which she thought very appropriate for the first Sunday after the formation of the Labour Government. Nothing indeed could have been more timely than that wonderful picture of the world's workers, though 'They shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit high in the congregation; they shall not sit on the judge's seat, nor understand the sentence of judgement; they cannot declare justice and judgement,' would no doubt have sounded like a reflection on the capacity of a Labour Government.

The Master had reached that secure faith in which he stood fast at the end. His wife says he was always a great learner, and life had taught him much. 'Another important factor in his spiritual development was the meeting with Mr. Mott,' who visited Oxford in 1906. He took keen interest in the Conferences organized at Balliol by Mr. Rowntree. Co-operation and a gospel of goodwill towards men never seemed hopelessly Utopian when the Master handled it. When he died on April 12, 1924, his wife felt that it was the beginning and not the end, *Mors janua Vitae*. He remains, as does Jowett, a living force in Balliol.

A Psalm that has made Heroes

By ALBERT J. FARNSWORTH

God is the refuge of His saints,
  When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
  Behold Him present with His aid!

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
  Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
  Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
  In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
  Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
  Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
  And watering our divine abode.

This sacred stream, Thy vital word,
  Thus all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
  And give new strength to fainting souls.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
  Secure against the threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
  Built on His faithfulness and power
. . . . . .
O Lord of hosts, almighty King!
  While we so near Thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall rest secure, and sing
  Defiance to the gates of hell.

Dr. Watts.

X

THE STREAM WHICH GLADDENS THE CITY OF LIFE

WARFARE disfigures, debases, and destroys. Like all other temporal things, men and nations change. The earth, and all that is of the earth, ' shall wax old as a garment.' Even the heavens shall fail. But ' the city of God remaineth,' a kingdom that cannot be shaken. Through all the

centuries of the Christian witness to the truth of things, the followers of Jesus have never wavered in their testimony with regard to that article of belief. That which is of God cannot be finally overthrown. The ancient Israelites had a grasp of that great thought. ' Zion shall be built up for ever,' was one expression of it. This song contains another statement to the same effect. The idea that seems to have accounted for the manner in which they stated their belief was that the heavenly bodies existed only to serve the earth as central and supreme, that Jerusalem was at the centre of the earth, and, the Holy City being the dwelling-place of the Lord of Hosts, that it was *therefore* true both of Zion and of the whole earth that ' God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved for ever.' Men do not now so believe. The thought of these days runs along different lines. To some of the great seers then, Jerusalem was an ideal as well as an actual place. It is yet an ideal, as William Blake the poet saw. Jerusalem is an abiding spiritual reality, whatever may happen to the cluster of buildings that looks from the hills of Palestine towards the Eastern desert and the Western sea. There is a Jerusalem of faith, a Zion of sacred love, where God is in the midst, its everlasting Light and Strength.

So of the Church of Jesus Christ itself, that ' elect race,' that ' royal priesthood,' that ' holy nation,' that ' purchased, peculiar people,' wherein we are taught to believe and hope in these things, it shall ever be found true that ' God is in the midst.' In the Cathedral of St. Sophia in Kieff, built in 1037, and said to be the oldest church in Russia, there is a great figure of the Virgin on the mosaics behind the altar. It bears this inscription, ' God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed.' As representing the Church how true it is, despite the waves of antagonism that in modern Russia have risen against the holy faith of Christ! Within the Church dwells the Spirit of God; in the midst is the river of His abundant grace.

The River of Water of Life.

In one of his delightful devotional studies Dr. J. Rendel Harris speaks of the ' river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb,' the river spoken of in the Book of the Revelation. He refers at the outset to the old Jerusalem, and shows how a knowledge of that ancient city helps the reader to understand the prophecies of the New Jerusalem. ' It is in this spirit,' he says, ' that we want to study the gleaming waters that make glad the city of God.' He therefore continues, ' Observe then that the ancient Jerusalem

was not situated, as most cities, on the banks of some river, or the shore of some sea. It stood in a peculiar position, at some distance from either; it was badly watered; we read of a pool or two, of a little brook, of an aqueduct and some other artificial water-structures. Bearing this fact in mind, you will understand how forcible an appeal to the imagination would be contained in the verse of the forty-sixth Psalm, which tells of a river that should "make glad the city of God." . . . It is evident that the mention of a pure, fresh stream flowing through the midst of Jerusalem was a figure of a very striking nature; and we say, that the basis of this magnificent description in the Apocalypse lies in the insufficiency of the water-supply of the ancient city. God takes our outward necessities and uses them as figures by which to make us alive to the fact of our inward neediness, and of the abundant power that there is in Him to satisfy us.' Thus He goes on to show that the life of them that have faith in God in not half stagnant, like Siloam; not intermittent, like Bethesda; not artificial, like Solomon's aqueducts; and not poor and puny, like Kidron. That is indeed the character of the divine life they experience who form the living Church of God; it is a moving, steady, and full stream, not humanly devised, but made to spring out of the very throne of God.

Consequently it is good that men should remember with reverence the divinely-appointed channel through which the streams of grace come down to multitudes of hearts. The Church, as the fellowship of Christian souls, claims the affection of the devout. The assembly of God's children must be treasured as the family circle is treasured. Spiritual experience waits upon Christian fellowship.

Dr. Fosdick traces the poverty of some men's faith to the neglect of fellowship. He pictures one who clings with difficulty to the experience of God, such an one going on Sunday to worship God. And he shows the blessings which are to be found by such an one in the house of prayer. 'Even though it be a humble place of prayer, if the worship is genuine,' he says, 'the hymns, the prayers, the Scriptures gather up the testimony of centuries to the reality of God. Here David speaks again and Isaiah answers. Here Paul reaffirms his faith and John is confident that God is love. Here the saints before Christ say, "Jehovah is my rock, and my fortress and my deliverer," and the sixteenth century answers, "A mighty fortress is our God," and the nineteenth century replies, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!" We go up to the Church finding it hard to sing,

'' *My* Jesus,'' &c; we go down with a Te Deum in our hearts.'

In that wonderful picture of Christian experience of which Bunyan dreamed as he lay in the gaol upon Bedford Bridge the trials and the triumphs of the man of God are portrayed. One part of the fascinating picture finds particular application here. Christian and his companion Hopeful have successfully avoided the allurement and contamination of Demas at the treacherous silver mine, and of pilgrim By-ends who perished there. They have also taken due notice of the warning against looking back which was furnished by the old monument of Lot's wife. Now with hearts full of the memory of a merciful deliverance they have come to a pleasant river beside which they walk with great joy. Of its refreshing waters they drink; from the trees growing on its banks they eat the gracious fruit; they rejoice to tread the soft green sward; and they enjoy the beautiful flowers. Here, too, they may rest safely. For this is the river of the water of life, which flows from under the altar in Zion, the stream which makes glad the city of God; these are the trees of Paradise which yield their fruit every month of the year; this sward is part of the pleasant pastures where the Good Shepherd feeds His flock; and these flowers are sweeter and fairer than those which were grander than Solomon in all his glory. So it is ever in the Christian pilgrimage. From the storm of trouble and the enticements of a vain and perverse world the traveller passes to the quiet pastures where the gentle flow of the river of grace suffices and the peace of the very presence of God reassures. Then from this foretaste of the everlasting glory he goes forward to the trials and victories he yet must see.

The River of Peace.

The river of God is the river of peace. How the last verse of the song sets before the mind, as a subject for prayer, the time when war will indeed have ceased! If it be true that the world, as Matthew Arnold says,

> **Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,**
> **Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;**
> **And we are here as on a darkling plain**
> **Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,**
> **Where ignorant armies clash by night;—**

it is high time that prayers and labours were earnestly given to bring about a better condition of things. Christians do not believe, however, that the end of war will come in the manner the author of the song seems to imagine, i.e. by God's exercise

of a military skill and power greater than that of the oppressing boastful nations. Rather will it result, as they believe, from the overthrow of hatred by good-will, the destruction of malice by the gentle sweetness of love, the triumph of the spirit of Jesus over the malignity of all satanic agencies. Of the outcome, if not of the method, the prophets caught a glimpse. One of them, speaking in God's name declares, 'I will make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven, and with the creeping things of the ground: and I will break the bow and the sword and the battle out of the land, and will make them to lie down safely.' 'For out of Zion shall go forth the Law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And He shall judge between many peoples, and shall reprove strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid.'

Other prophecies describe the same glowing hope. Yet it was not until the heavenly host sang at the coming of Jesus,

> Glory to God in the highest;
> And on earth peace, goodwill towards men;

that its fulfilment became possible. The spirit of Jesus works for the coming of peace. On Him alone the hope of the world depends. Longfellow says,

> Down the dark future, through long generations,
> The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
> And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
> I hear once more the voice of Christ say 'Peace!'
> Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals,
> The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
> But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
> The holy melodies of love arise.

Because of Christ the world moves on to that glad time. The poet just quoted wrote for his final words some verses about 'The Bells of San Blas.' He makes those bells to say,

> O bring us back once more
> The vanished days of yore,
> When the world with faith was filled;
> Bring back the fervid zeal,
> The hearts of fire and steel,
> The hands that believe and build!

But he answers them himself, and says,

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again;
The Past is deaf to your prayer!
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

Till the perfect day comes, however, there is one relentless struggle to be made, one persistent warfare to be waged—that against sin and wrong. In that struggle there will be ample opportunity for the exercise of those qualities of courage and sacrifice which have been the bright features of the wars of the past. Many have been the conflicts of the Christian era alone, and countless the lives laid down in that time in the defence of home and honour, of liberty and truth. Where, in the annals of the nations, can greater heroism be found? Where are nobler traditions? Where are more inspiring examples of sacrifice? It is perhaps sufficient to point to the saints and martyrs who lived splendidly, and died triumphantly, without ever seeing a field of blood. But the time hastens on when heroism and sacrifice will take on a different colour and be none the less virtuous. Then will the valorous confess the source of their inspiration and say, ' The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.'

The Story of Joel Bulu.

As an illustration of the better method by which antagonism and hatred may be met, a story from the life of Joel Bulu of Fiji may be given.

Joel Bulu was born in heathen surroundings in Vavau, one of the Friendly Islands. He was approaching manhood when Christianity was first introduced to his native land. At first he spoke against the new faith, declaring that he would never forsake the ancient gods. Ere long, however, he listened with more than usual interest as the missionary told of a home beyond the sky. The hope of immortality quickened the young man's soul. He went out into the open places that night and looked at the stars. With all the fervour of his being he longed to dwell in the beautiful home of which he had heard. Thus he made his great resolution. He would be a Christian in order that he might eventually live among the stars. Consequently he presented himself as a convert and was duly instructed by the misisonary in the faith of Christ.

Having proved the sincerity of his decision and the diligence of his discipleship, he went to Fiji as a native missionary. There

he laboured until a period of tribal warfare, with its horrible atrocities, discouraged him. He ceased to labour. But, returning soon afterwards, he took up his work again and, later, a helper called Abraham was sent to join him. They gathered a few young men together and taught them the way of truth. Then, as the work began to grow, the heathen priests became alarmed. These men stirred up the people, who so persecuted the little company of Christians that they were driven to the point of retaliation. Joel restrained his friends, ' Let us endure in patience,' he said, ' it may be that the evil will soon be past.'

But the trouble deepened, the danger increased. Then one night word came to Joel that the heathen warriors were gathering to attack the Christians on the morrow. Not only were the native believers to be slain, but also the white people who were on the island. Warning was at once sent to the white people, who promised the help of firearms. ' We will not take them,' said Joel, ' lest our enemies say we are defying them.' So he waited through the night with his Christian friends about him.

Early in the morning the war-trumpets of the enemy were heard sounding at three different points. The Christians, not without weapons in their hands, gathered in front of Joel Bulu's house. ' Sit down ! ' commanded Joel. ' Let them see that we do not want to fight. Wait for the will of God. Then, if they fire upon us, let us fight for the lives He has given us.' So they sat down and waited, their weapons lying across their knees. Presently the enemy appeared on the edge of the forest, and a few moments later they were rushing forward with menacing shouts.

' Sit still ! ' cried Joel. ' The Lord will fight for us.'

Some young men having risen to defend the rear of the premises, he said to his helper, who was their leader, ' Abraham, do you not know that we die to-day? Why should you go forth to bring your death upon yourself? Let the Lord bring it upon us, and it will be well.'

The heathen warriors came near. Those who had guns levelled them at the little company seated before them. Clubs also were raised, spears were poised, bows were bent. Yet no shot was fired, no club fell on its victim, no spear was thrown, no arrow flew. ' What held them back,' said Joel afterwards, ' I cannot say; this only I know, that for a long while they stood there threatening, while we sat in silence.'

At length a chief came forward with tokens of peace, and persuaded the attackers to retire for council. Some little time

intervened. Then two old chiefs came forward with the peace token. ' Joel,' they said, as they kissed the fearless Christian's hands, ' we know this day that you are a true man, and that your God is a great God. Wonderful are the things which we have seen to-day, for there was rage in our hearts, and it was in our minds to kill you all. But when we came to where you were sitting on the ground, all the strength departed from our hands, and we could do nothing against you. Therefore are we sent to ask pardon for our anger, to thank you for your long-suffering, and to tell you that we shall never forget your love toward us.'

This was an end of persecution in that neighbourhood. The Christians had freedom to work and preach. Many of their enemies forsook heathenism and joined them, and even those who continued to follow the ancient customs became friendly in their attitude. Truly the beginning and the outcome of that story are found in the words, ' Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.'

Calvert and Hunt.

Joel Bulu continued in his work for Christ until at last he went to live among the stars. It was he who said concerning the work of James Calvert and John Hunt: ' I saw at Lakemba in 1838, those two men land, with pale faces and weak voices. They could not wield the club as we can. Their wives were not strong like our women. But what changes have they wrought in this island! Instead of widow-strangling and cannibalism we have a Christian chief ruling over a Christian people. Those pale-faced men came from England; and if the great Queen had sent out ships of war to fire upon us, we never should have given up the old customs for cannon-balls. The Sword of the Spirit which those two men wielded has done what neither cannon-ball nor cold steel could have done. They not only preached the Word of God, they lived it; and their daily life of love and self-denial was a gospel which no prejudice could resist and no argument withstand.'

Such have been the men and women of the days past in whose lives the old Hebrew psalm has wrought. The succession of noble hearts continues. If the recital of these deeds has quickened us to renewed admiration and praise, may we, too, become so fully consecrated to our Lord's work that we may exalt Him in the earth.

The Lord our God is with us,
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

X OUR CHURCHES, CHAPELS, AND PREACHING PLACES

O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes in Christian lands
To dwell in Temples made with hands.

I WELL remember singing this hymn at the foundation stone-laying of a seaside church. We stood on that rough ground facing a marvellous panorama of rolling downland. The eternal hills looked down on our little company of worshippers whilst the sea stretched out in another revelation of God's glory behind us. That hymn, sung unaccompanied by untrained voices, but sung from our very hearts in glad thanksgiving, was the first act of worship from the sanctuary we were building. It will be an abiding memory to me. I remember thinking of the majesty of those downs, clothed with myriads of minute flowers, each one another revelation of His glorious handiwork in the infinitely little, and then thinking how very far short 'the temples made with hands' fall. Yet they, even the plainest and barest, the crudest and most garish have been sanctuaries to many, for He does vouchsafe to dwell there and meet with His people.

We ministers' children have to train our souls to accommodate themselves to all sorts and conditions of religious environment, just as our bodies have to do in our Manses.

What a variety of styles of architecture I can remember. Sometimes we had the typical Methodist chapel, oblong in shape, gallery all round, sash-windows, with the organ and choir behind the pulpit in the full gaze of the congregation. I think then of one old man who said of it, 'What a galaxy of beauty as one might say, in a manner of speaking.'

Then there were hybrids between this style and the true Gothic. One particularly garish chapel was 'done' in salmon pink with a chocolate coloured ivy trail stencilled all the way round above the pitch pine dado. The windows were my pet horror. We wickedly likened the design to a fruit compôte, for oval and round slices of lemon, orange, heliotrope, and green colours sat in a dish shape, neatly arranged, overlapping each other as the chief motif of each window. But keeping this

irreverent idea strictly to ourselves it was rather difficult to give an evasive answer to the enthusiastic soul who asked, ' How do you like our beautiful windows, Miss Hope? So much superior to the usual diamond shaped panes, don't you think? ' She beamed with satisfaction when I said, ' I should think they are quite unique. I've never seen any like them in all our different circuits.' Why hurt her poor dear feelings and peel the gilt off her ginger bread? I always disliked the would-be superior snubby person, who systematically set himself to peel gilt off other people's gingerbread. If they like it, let them enjoy it.

We always chortle in our glee over one of our experiences when we went to a country chapel in Lincolnshire. We had been unable to go over the chapel and find our pew before the first Sunday, so we were unprepared for the glory that awaited us. The chapel-keeper met us in the minute porch and we asked for the minister's pew. With a solemn jerk of his head he said, ' Upstairs, *if* you please, ma'am—allow *me*! ' He gravely collected our Bibles and hymn-books into a seemly pile and, with as much solemnity as if he were conducting a state progress, he preceded us up the narrow winding stairs. Mother stopped him after a few steps, and asked if our pew was really in the gallery. He looked quite scandalized and said, ' Why yes, ma'am—all the gentry, as you might say, sits in the gallery ! '

Fancy a Methodist chapel condescending to such worldly distinctions.

The gallery was a deep one, and when we were finally shut into our pew in the front of the side we could almost have given the preacher friendly pokes with our umbrellas. The pews were very narrow and our knees had to be induced to go ' zideways,' or they would have knocked out the front of the gallery when we sat down. Really to kneel on the hassocks and to get up again required such gymnastic performances as only the more agile members of our family were able to manage. When we stood up for the hymns we almost took ' headers ' into the congregation far below us, for the front of the gallery was low. We were amused to find that in the gallery men and women might sit together without offending Mrs. Grundy's susceptibilities. But downstairs, some unwritten, but very strict rule was enforced, and the men and boys sat on one side and women and girls on the other. The body of the chapel had gradually become a kind of neutral ground where fathers and mothers might sit with their young mixed broods. But the older

generation divided at the chapel doors, and dear old women sat apart from their ' old men.' Woe betide a young man and maiden who dared to sit together on either of the side sittings. The chapel was lit with oil lamps and sometimes there were odours not exactly of Edom.

We had a fine view from our point of vantage of the monkey tricks of the Sunday-school boys. The superintendent used to let them loose from the school and follow the unruly mob a few minutes later. We used to hear him say, ' Boo yer heeds.' If all did not bow he used his hymn-book to give them resounding thwacks on their heads until they *did* bow their heads in the house of the Lord. Occasionally during the first or second prayers we were startled by hearing a series of head thwackings as he used his hymn-book to belabour all impartially, sure that if it wasn't that boy that time, it would be next.

Behind the boys, in pathetic contrast, sat the old men. Their faces were an interesting study. I studied them so long that I can see them now. One, tall and gaunt, was bowed down with the weight of toiling years and many sorrows, but his face was lit with a serene peacefulness. Next to him sat a crumpled up, peevish little old man. He fidgetted all the service through. A draught drove him to distraction, and he turned and twisted, querulously signing to those behind to close the one and only ventilator. He used to smooth his shaggy wisps of hair across his bald pate in a feeble endeavour to protect it.

The next old man was large and very heavy. The old forms creaked and groaned as he let himself down on them. He sat placidly through the service, staring straight in front of him. His bovine gaze never wandered to the preacher. It seemed to be his idea of reverence to sit with his thumbs in the armholes of his gaily-coloured waistcoat and to gaze at one particular spot on the opposite wall. My favourite in that row of ancients was Dicky White. We recognized him as one who followed the honourable profession of road scraper during the week. It may be a humble duty, but he did it honourably and to the best of his ability. The small boy in the Manse would have changed places with him gladly when he made those lovely mud heaps by the side of the road, and for some time to be a road scraper like Dicky White was his crowning ambition.

On Sundays Dicky actually wore a smock. His ' old ooman ' took a great pride in his appearance and he was sent off to Chapel dressed ' Up to Dick and down to Richard,' as she told me once. He really was a picture with his rosy cheeks,

twinkling blue eyes, and snowy beard cut in the quaint style known as a Newgate fringe. His white hair was neatly parted at the back and brushed forward to his ears. I am sure his wife must have done it for him.

I noticed on the first Sunday he was greatly interested in our pew and took observations on every possible opportunity—no doubt for his wife's enlightenment. Every time I caught him at it he looked away bashfully, but in a moment or two his old head would be turned up again. I wonder what the old dear told his wife over their 'taties and pork that Sunday. I should not wonder if he said, ' he was a'most feared the minister's darters wuz of the world worldly.'

On that first Sunday I was longing to see the gentry come into the gallery, but alas, there were very few to whom such a description could apply. Evidently times had changed, and the ' money people,' as they were called, who used to worship there, were only represented by the array of mural tablets. One of these specially interested me, for the weeping female figure on it bewailed a long list of worthies who all attained the ripe age of eighty years at least. Her head was very small and droopy, but her arms were out of all proportion and extraordinarily well developed.

In spite of the crude colouring of the walls, the unsubdued light of the sash windows, and the yellow varnished pews, there was an atmosphere of peace and prayer which was indefinable, but very real. It was as if the place in which God's peace and blessing had been so often asked for and received that it could never lose the hallowed peace of His benediction.

Later we rebelled against wedging ourselves into such a narrow pew as that in the gallery and feeling dizzy as we looked down into the ' well ' of the Chapel below. I am afraid it troubled some old souls when we took a pew on the women's side downstairs. The only available pew was just behind the stove—one of those ' tortoise ' abominations. It belched forth fire like Apollyon when it was opened. When going steadily, the heat waves rising from it, between us and the preacher, made him look wavering and waggley like a genie escaping from an enormous vase instead of a sedate local preacher in a Methody pulpit. My brother used to pretend, when home from Kingswood that he hardly dare invade the sanctity of the women's side of the chapel, and declared it made him feel very daring and gay doggish to flout Mrs. Grundy in this way even with Mother as a chaperon.

The Diary of John Waterhouse

AN EARLY METHODIST PREACHER

III

I WAS asked to stay a third year in East London, and the great kindness already shown by preachers and people led me to answer in the affirmative. At this time my mind was very much exercised about going to Van Dieman's Land. Several friends had agreed to go, provided I would accompany them. I had a strong impression that it would agree with my state of health. Mr. George Marsden addressed an interesting letter to me on the subject, assigning reasons why in his judgement I was not called to go then. At last my wife said she would not go, and my project for missionary enterprise was at an end.

Work in Penzance.

1821.—Dr. Hamilton called to see me, and said to Mrs. W., 'My dear, do you love your husband?' Her reply was, 'Yes.' He said, 'Then you must leave London, or you will have to bury him before Christmas; but if you go to a circuit in the West of England, he may live for many years.' I immediately wrote to inform Mr. Bunting; and as they were wanting a Superintendent at Penzance Circuit, I was sent there; and at the doctor's recommendation went by water, with Captain Rosenwell. After being at sea a fortnight, we arrived at Penzance on September 9, 1821, being Sunday; and in the evening I preached in their large chapel from Psalm cxviii. 25.

October 21.—I have visited most of the places in this circuit, and on the whole am much pleased with the friends; but there has been sad neglect of discipline. Feeling my responsibility to God and His Church, I endeavoured by the help of my colleagues to restore discipline, and that (1) by getting them to pay class-money according to our more general usage; (2) by holding regular Leaders' Meetings; (3) by instituting Band Meetings; (4) by meeting the Societies as often as possible; (5) by visiting the sick and meeting the children. Our first Quarterly Meeting was delightful. Mr. Caine, the banker, a man of God, spoke admirably; and to myself (an invalid) he showed no small kindness. I spent three happy years in Penzance. Preachers and people united, and a small increase in the Society every quarter.

August 1824.—The friends had wished me much to stay in Cornwall; but the Conference appointed me to Manchester South, with Messrs. Bunting and P. C. Turner. We went by water, followed by the prayers and pious wishes of many friends; and, by the hand of God upon us for good, arrived safe at our new sphere of labour, where every kindness was shown us. Mr. and Mrs. Bunting were exceedingly kind. Congregations large, and much good is doing. I have had a singular dream, viz., that I was in a foreign land, and in the night season a number of savages of the fiercest order broke into my lodgings, threatening me in the most alarming manner. I jumped from my bed, and almost killed myself against the post, leaving the marks on my face as though I had literally been in a conflict.

January 1826.—I have great cause of thankfulness as well as many failures and shortcomings to mourn over. I aim at fidelity as a minister, but am often dejected by a view of my own inability to perform the onerous duties of my station. The pecuniary claims of my family try me as we have determined to live on our circuit income; but God, whose kindness never fails, has provided for me by the kindness of friends, who knew not how timely their presents were, as I always detested any appearance of pauperism in a minister.

December 27.—Christmas again arrived. All straight in the world. Thank God. Three years passed away in this circuit. Nine hundred souls added to our Society. Delighted with my most excellent colleagues, Messrs. Bunting, P. McOwan, and P. C. Turner, as well as with the friends generally.

In Halifax as Chairman.

August 1827.—I was appointed to the Halifax Circuit with Mr. George Marsland. The friends received us kindly, and everything is cheering. The people are stirred up to prayerful expectation.

December.—I fell ill, and was several months in a most dangerous state. My affliction was great, but the succours of religion and the kindness of our Halifax friends tended greatly to alleviate my sufferings. In May I resumed my work; but as medical men thought the south of England would be more favourable to my infirm state of health, I doubted the propriety of accepting their invitation to stay a second year. The friends pressed me with importunity to comply, and urged me to go for the benefit of the sea air to Blackpool rather than go to Conference, and they would bear the expense. We both acted accordingly, and it has done my poor body much good.

August 1828.—Conference has re-appointed me to this circuit, and Chairman of the District. If the brethren had known me as well as I know myself, they would have done otherwise. I aim at doing right; and if I err, it is through ignorance.

August 1829.—Appointed a third year, and again Chairman of the District. This has filled me with gratitude to God, who has enabled me to discharge the duties of my office in a manner acceptable to my Father and brethren.

August 1830.—I leave this circuit with mingled feelings. The Lord has assisted me and my colleagues so that we have had a prosperous year. A second chapel has been built in this town; but we must endure the pain of parting with an affectionate, intelligent, and pious people. The Conference has appointed me to Dudley. They say I am going among radicals. The people seem friendly, but they want a Methodist soul. They possess a restless spirit, and are in the habit of holding meetings at each other's houses, where the ' would-be ' mighty men speak great swelling words against Conference measures. I have spoken with Mr. Gordon about it, who says they shall be discontinued; but added, ' Only show them a little kindness, and you may do anything with them.' I find, however, this means Let them govern you and be quiet, and you will find them very good. I have not, however, learnt to sacrifice principle to convenience. By the grace of God I shall do my duty kindly but faithfully and fearlessly. I am no time-server.

August 1831.—I have thought of leaving here this Conference but the appeal from their Quarterly Meeting was such as induced me to stay. My colleagues are Messrs. Lear, Sugden, and my old friend, Mr. Topham. At Christmas Mr. Lear and myself were dangerously ill. He had a wife and ten children, with prospect of another; I had a wife and nine children, with the expectation of another soon. Through mercy I recovered, but my excellent colleague died before Conference. He was an intelligent, deservedly popular, and useful preacher.

March 13, 1832.—I have engaged (subject to the approval of Conference) to go as Superintendent to Birmingham. I look to August, for although there are many excellent persons in this Circuit, some half-dozen sticklers for liberty (as they call it), are among the meanest tyrants. What a pity that a few men of yesterday, whom God has given power to get wealth and owe all under God to Methodism, should threaten the destruction of what I understand was once a lovely Society.

Growing Causes in Birmingham.

August 1832.—I have now arrived at Birmingham; my colleagues, Messrs. Duncan, Fish, and Aylmer, all men of their choice. This has pleased them not a little; but the demon of faction, calling himself 'The Watchman's Lantern,' has, like an *ignis fatuus,* led a number into the quagmire of discontent. I am, however, in the main pleasingly disappointed with the people, and hope to set them right on subjects of Methodist polity.

August 1833.—Birmingham again. The circuit much improved before we came. They were going to sell a chapel and have one preacher less, but piety, right feeling, and money have increased, so that we have called out a fifth preacher, Mr. Bumby, who promises to be very useful. But we have a battle to fight with a radical faction. In this matter I am disposed to adopt the counsel of the town clerk of Ephesus, and then go decidedly to work. Lord, help us!

August 1834.—Myself and colleagues reappointed. It is no sinecure to superintend such a circuit. 'To arms' is the watchword. There is an attempt to convulse the Connexion, and neutrality would now be criminal.

January 1835.—Last year we built large schoolrooms with classrooms in Cherry Street, a small place at Bristol Road, and New Town Row. Each will hold from three to four hundred persons. My colleagues are like-minded with myself, and sound Methodistical principle is prevailing, and I doubt not will triumph in this town and in the nation.

February 8.—I have now eleven children—seven sons and four daughters. Few men so blessed. Give them Thy grace, O Lord of power.

July.—Thank God, by our united, firm, affectionate, and decisive measures, we have got through the Warrenite faction. In the storm I had to conflict with Messrs. Warren, Rowland, and others in the Baptist Chapel. The result was that, though they had called the meeting to scatter us if possible, the tables were turned, and we passed a vote of censure on them, when in discomfort they fled away. The circuit is now in a healthy and blessed state, and we are going to petition Conference to hold their next sessions in this town. What hath God wrought!

August 1835.—We had our memorable Conference in Sheffield. They agreed to our request relative to the next Conference being held in Birmingham. The triumph of principle over faction will be handed down in the Minutes of this year

to the latest posterity. I had promised our Leeds friends, subject to the approval of Conference, to go there; and, being in the Stationing Committee, did what I could to accomplish it. But the Committee and Conference determined that the wish of the Second London Circuit should be met by my being stationed with them, especially as there were some unruly persons, whose case would have to be met by a firm exercise of discipline. I urged my wish for Leeds on account of being near my aged father, and from a strong sentiment, that as my health declined when in London before, I should fall a victim to disease if sent there now. Dr. Bunting said, 'Will you go, and leave the responsibility with Conference? or will you go to Leeds, and take the responsibility on yourself as to the consequences?' I said I would leave it to Conference rather than take it on myself, and was appointed to the Second London Circuit with Messrs. Beal and Cubitt. At the close of this year, having to contend with the radical faction, my nights were almost sleepless and my health declined, so that my life was again in imminent danger; and so soon as medical men thought I might undertake a journey I went to Birmingham, where our excellent friends showed us no small kindness, and I rallied fast. In March I returned to London, where I was most affectionately welcomed, and had the kind co-operation of our friends attached to Methodism, and the commanding talents and heroism of Mr. Cubitt to assist me in freeing the church of Mr. Eckett, who for seven years has been a curse to the circuit.

July 1836.—The Methodist year has nearly passed its rapid round. I have had to contend with unreasonable and wicked men; but the Society is restored to a healthy, harmonious, and prosperous state. The Quarterly Meetings, formerly scenes of discord and tumult, are now what their founder designated them, and the triumph of principle has made our hearts glad. During the year I have had personal and domestic affliction which has seriously affected my circumstances; but, to my great surprise, our Birmingham friends have sent me a purse containing eighty sovereigns. To God be the praise, and to them a grateful and prayerful remembrance. I have also lost my youngest child, thirteen months old.

In a London Circuit.

October 1836.—We had an interesting Conference at Birmingham, which was no small gratification to me, as we had prepared the way for it. I was again returned to this circuit with Messrs. Scott and Osborn, two excellent men with whom I

feel greatly united. We have not been doing much in the way of saving souls, but the Societies are harmonious. Whether I shall stand London this winter is doubtful. Had my way been open, I should have thought it prudent to remove.

February 23, 1937.—The Christmas Quarterly Meeting pressed me into a compliance to stay a third year should Conference approve; but since, I have been attacked by the prevailing influenza, from which I am not fully recovered, and my mind is sometimes greatly exercised about the future, on which at present clouds and darkness rest. This answers all questions, ' The Lord will provide.' During my affliction my mind has been mainly in peace.

March.—I have been on a Committee appointed by Conference to investigate certain matters relating to a missionary re-called from New Zealand. It has been a long and painful business, but has fixed a strong impression of the need of someone to act as General Superintendent. I frequently thought if my wife were willing I would offer. Being sat by our fire one evening conversing about our next remove, ' If there had been an opening for Van Dieman's Land now, I should not have objected, provided the children were willing,' said my wife, I exclaimed, ' Do you say so? ' and she said, ' Yes.' ' Well, then, they are wanting someone of experience to go and take the supervision of the South Seas Missions.' For a moment she seemed to waver, and then said, ' If your way was open, I mean.' I said, ' How is that to be ascertained? ' She said, ' First, if the children are all agreeable to go with us; secondly, if Dr. Sandwith thinks your health will be benefited by it. Thirdly, if Dr. Bunting and Mr. Scott are of the opinion, and think you would be more useful there than at home, and, finally, if the Committee is unanimous in the approval of your offer, I think the door open.' The result was but one opinion on the subject and a formal acceptance of my offer was in a very respectful manner entered on the Committee's Journal, and I was directed forthwith to prepare for my new sphere of action; and we began our arrangements accordingly.

In July 1838 I went to a Bristol Conference, and was greatly encouraged in my work while at the house of John Irving, whose heart was set upon a ship for the purpose of aiding us in our project and also by the fathers and brethren who regarded me with great affection.

The Wonders of Weathering

By ERNEST FRITH, F.R.Met.Soc.

THE typical mountain chains of the world have undoubtedly been formed by the elevation of the earth's crust due to lateral pressure and crumpling, but some of the lower ranges have been formed by the sculpturing action of rain, frost, glaciers, and running water. These are termed ' Mountains of Denudation.' Mountains of this character have not been built as mountains, but are merely the remaining portions or fragments of a formerly extensive elevated area. They have been carved out of an old table-land or plateau, and sculptured into mountains by the gradual removal of masses by which they were at one time surrounded. Heights such as Ingleborough, Whernside, and Pennegent in England are examples of this type of mountain, and in Scotland there are the remnants of the basaltic lava-flows of Antrim forming the flat-topped hills.

The Denudation Process.

South Africa provides some excellent examples of tremendous heights which have been due to denudation. The lofty ridges and mountains of Basutoland have been partially or wholly separated by erosion from the dissected plateau. In the Karroo there are many flat summits which consist of nearly horizontal sheets of an intrusive igneous rock called ' dolerite.' The conspicuous height known as Theebus (Tea Caddy) is a dolerite-capped hill of shales and sandstones, rising a thousand feet above the plain near Steynsburg, Cape Province.

The forms assumed by these relict mountains depend upon the character and arrangement of the strata. A plateau tends to be cut up by the process of erosion, and the more resistant surfaces are left as a series of pyramidal or tabular mountains, crested or flat-topped ridges. At a later stage these mountain relicts disappear leaving only a few isolated cones and ridges. Finally every height may be levelled, and the old plateau be replaced by a plain of erosion.

South Africa presents a remarkable example of land rising in three parallel terraces to the great plateau known as the High Veld in the interior. The rivers cut across the deep edges in deep gorges, so familiar to all travellers in that country, and are known as kloofs and dongas. The jagged edges of these plateaux form some of the most magnificent scenery to be found

in the world. In the Drakensburg range there are most fantastic crags and columns of weather-moulded rock resembling all manner of beasts and men. There is a huge rock resembling a lion and another an elephant's head. There is one crag which bears a remarkable likeness to the late President Paul Kruger. In the caves and the kloofs there are many paintings of wild animals on the walls of rock shelters, testifying to the presence of the little yellow Bushmen in the country.

Mountains due to elevation and those due to erosion are two distinct types, but they often shade insensibly into one another. This is one of the peculiarities of physical geography. Everywhere there is intergradation. Mountains, plateaux, volcanoes, rivers, and weathering are all complexly interrelated. There is every gradation from horizontal to inclined strata, and between plateaux and mountains.

Wearing Down Mountains.

The changes wrought by denudation often go so far as to transfer the old mountain-valleys to mountain-tops, and to wear down the original mountain ridges until they become mountain valleys. Whole mountain chains may be worn down to their very roots, and reduced to a series of relatively low hills.

Professor B. Scott draws our attention to the fact that mountain ranges must be regarded as short lived and ephemeral; low-lying plains persist for a longer time than do lofty ranges. The mountain chains of the globe are of comparatively recent date, while ancient mountains have been worn down into mere stumps. Tennyson truly tells us that

> **The hills are shadows, and they flow**
> **From form to form, and nothing stands;**
> **They melt like mists, the solid lands,**
> **Like clouds they shape themselves and go.**

The so-called everlasting hills are favourite emblems of immutable permanence and yet they bear on their surface the memorials of change. The life history of mountains cannot be expressed in terms of years or even thousands of years. There are, however, young mountains, subdued mountains, mature mountains, and old mountains. The young variety are characterized by irregular sky line, bare ledges and steep slopes, the subdued mountains have uniform slopes, low, rounded forms, and few bare ledges, but the old mountain's original summits have long ago disappeared and new ones developed. Thus the great landmarks of the world are born, attain maturity, when

they exhibit their grandest and boldest forms, and finally pass away into old age and oblivion.

The Alps and the Himalayas are much younger than most of the mountains in the British Isles. The Welsh hills are now in a late mature stage and denudation has proceeded a long way. The flat-topped mountains of South Africa are becoming smaller and smaller, until finally the dolerite-protecting cap will be eroded entirely away, and then the soft beds beneath will more rapidly denude, until a second hard bed arrests the process for a while and finally passes away.

We live in a world of change. Nothing stands still, everything is in a state of flux. This is true of the mountain as it is of the molecule. At the cinema we have enjoyed the educational films displaying the plant growing and bursting into blossom before our eyes. The production of such films is due to photographs of the plant during different stages of its development; these are dovetailed into a continuous film, so that the stages of growth separated by hours, days, or weeks, are made to follow one another in a few seconds. Could such a film be taken of a mountain range, and the events separated by thousands and millions of years, made to follow one another in a few minutes, we should be impressed with the fact that the world's mountains are among the temporal phenomena of this planet. ' They flow from form to form and nothing stands.'

Volcanic Peaks.

The third type of mountain has been produced by the accumulation of igneous materials around the focus or focii of eruption. Some of the greatest heights of the globe are volcanic peaks, such as Aconcagua (22,860 feet), Chimborazo (21,498 feet), and numerous others in the Andes, and in Africa we have Kilimanjaro (19,780 feet) and Kenia (18,000 feet).

Mountains exist in the ocean basins, and many of them are wholly beneath the water, but the summits of some of them appear as islands. If the height of a mountain be reckoned in terms of elevation above its base, rather than in terms of elevation above sea level, then the volcanic cones of the ocean bed should rank among the highest mountains of the world. If the altitude of the peak of Teneriffe be reckoned from the sea floor instead of from sea level, it is one of the principal mountains of the planet. Another mountain called Mauna Kea on the island of Hawaii, rises nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, but if measured from the ocean floor, from which the island rises, its height is more than thirty thousand feet, that is a thousand feet

higher than Mount Everest. Volcanic islands, which are mountains, are sometimes raised from the ocean in a few days, only to disappear again beneath the sea in a short time.

Mountains of accumulation are subject to erosion just as other types; indeed, many have been demolished entirely, and all that indicates that such mountains have been in existence are the plugged-up pipes such as we have in the diamond fields of South Africa. The lavas and ashes of these volcanic cones have been denuded entirely away. There are also plateaux of accumulation as well as mountains, where the lava has flowed and flooded vast stretches of country.

In the Bismarck Archipelago there is a mountain with its summit and slopes shining with a wondrous sheen, the light not being caused by volcanic phenomena. Mariners report that those who go near suffer from a painful rash of the skin. The glow can be seen for miles. Scientists believe that the light is due to radium or some radio-active minerals in the rocks.

Amos Burnet—A Tribute

After a glorious day the sun set.
Sudden there came a darkness, and a chill
And lonely stillness—little winds of doubt—
A dreary feeling of forsakenness.
But lo! to longing eyes strain'd westward, all the sky
Grew slowly crimson with an afterglow
Of biding influence, precious memories—
Symbol and proof of sure persistency.

Thus as we gazed we seemed to feel him still;
That dauntless heart that knew no fear on earth,
That stern uncompromise with all things mean,
That childlike faith, that love of simple mirth.

The tireless hands that saw no task too great
So it would help his cause, would right a wrong,
The strong unresting feet that strode ahead,
Finding no path too steep, no road too long.

Somewhere we know that Sun is shining still,
Somewhere a world is brighter that he came,
For him to stand unmission'd would be grief,
For him to rest from labouring would be shame.

Happy, thrice happy we that once our east
The warmth and brightness of those beams did know,
And happy that our west is still aflame
With such rich memories' crimson afterglow.

M.B.

In Royal Meath

An Incident from the Civil War in Ireland

By P. K. HORAN.

BEHIND the Gormanston barbed wire nothing served to remind us of the olden days in Royal Meath. Fields stretched on and on until they were lost in the haze where the earth and sky meet. When the Winter days gathered about us mud was everywhere in evidence. The heavy military boots supplied to us by the Camp Authorities soon rotted away as we walked around and around the compound. It was very bleak and cold during the Winter there. Washing was a difficult proposition. I do not care to describe the process as a laundering one. That would be misleading in the circumstances. We washed, or, rather, attempted to wash, our own undergarments. When the coal ration to the huts was reduced the internees resorted to extreme measures and began to pull down one or two of the unoccupied huts. This, of course, was the signal for an outburst of firing, and so operations in that direction had, perforce, to cease. The blankets were so dirty that I generally wore my flannels at night to protect the skin. Consequently the flannels were not very clean when ' Washing Day ' came. Whenever possible, fuel permitting, we heated the icy water on the stoves. Very often we had to wash in the cold water. The clothes which emerged would not have pleased a conscientious housewife, I am afraid.

On one occasion my singlet or flannel vest was hanging out to dry. It had been freezing during the night, and this garment was quite stiff on the following morning. Liam came along, held up my singlet for general inspection, and asked, ' Boys, is that a fair washing? ' I fear that it was not, just as his tone suggested. It had to be admitted that there were some fairly presentable white ' lines ' where the soap had been applied vigorously, but the whole garment was intersected by black and nondescript streaks as well.

The ' Song Competition ' was quite an event in the Camp. The suggestion had been mooted in certain circles, outside the wires, that the ' Irregular ' prisoners should be removed to an island in the Pacific. This, we understand, was discussed seriously by leading Government officials. The thought brought palpitation to many Republican hearts ' behind the wires.' Enforced exile was not a pleasant thought. However, the scheme probably lacked feasibility, and did not fructify. For many

weeks the threat of banishment to far-off places was as a sword of Damocles over our devoted heads and, it must be confessed, trembling hearts. We should like to have seen the world, but not in that way. There was an echo, in that thought, of the two contrasted posters in Dublin during the troublous days. The British Army Recruiting Poster read,

'Join the Army, and see the world.'

Beneath this some Sinn Fein 'wag' had written,

'Join the "Black and Tans," and *see* the *next world.*'

There were those in the Camp, who half-humorously, half-maliciously, entered into conversations with the despondent ones during gloomy hours of uncertainty, and painted pictures of soothing breezes, languorous noontides, and siestas on a sun-encircled island of the Figis. They would extol the virtues of bananas, oranges, and coco-nuts, and sneer at those who were 'content' to dwell in a mud-bound Camp and live upon cold 'skilly' and tinned salmon.

As the days passed, however, and nothing seemed to come of the schemes outside, the more farcical side of the matter was emphasized for the Republican prisoners, and the result was that a 'Song Competition' was inaugurated. Sixty cigarettes were offered, by a fellow-prisoner, to the internee who would write the best song on the proposed island 'trip.' Quite a number essayed to compose a ballad or song. For days one was beset by eager competitors who were searching for rhymes. 'Ran; can; ban; man; Dan; fan.' One's ears were assailed by them everywhere. Many of the attempts were, as may be guessed, of the most ludicrous kind. The entrants 'sang' their compositions on every possible occasion.

The 'prize' was awarded to a prisoner who wrote a ballad to the popular tune of 'I Hardly Believe it, Do You?' It began like this:

I hardly believe it, do you?
It's really too good to be true!
They'll get an island, and place us all there:
Beautiful scenery,—beautiful air;
Oh, I hardly believe it, do you?

I cannot recall the rest of the piece, but it sprang into instant favour. One heard it at all hours and in all corners. By that time we were all quite sure that we did *not* believe it!

One of the internees was known generally as 'The Yankee Irishman.' He was a young Irishman who had travelled extensively in Canada and America. On his return to Ireland

he identified himself with the Communist Party, and at the outbreak of Civil War he attached himself to the ' Red Army.' He was made a prisoner at the end of the first week of fighting in Dublin. It is amusing to note that, after his release, he became a traveller for ' Fire Extinguishers.' In prison he possessed a vocabulary which was peculiarly his own. It suggested a crude amalgam of Karl Marx, George Bernard Shaw, Henrik Ibsen, James Connolly, and the poet Yeats. On one occasion he delivered his soul of an address on ' The Ice Age.' The venue was a little room in ' C ' hut, and his audience totalled five: ' O.C. Rumours,' P—— C——, M—— M——, Liam, and myself. ' O.C. Rumours ' watched the ' lecturer ' amusedly and uncomprehendingly the while.

After this—very often—whenever I went to sleep in ' C ' hut, an ex-British Army man, who shared the room with ' O.C. Rumours,' M—— M——, and Liam, would call across to the ' Yankee Irishman ' in the silent darkness of night, ' Eh, G——, give us a lecture on the Ice Age.' The ' Yankee Irishman ' would sigh disgustedly. Whereupon his interlocutor would say ' Simmer down, M'Clusky. I've seen things like you crawling through cheese.'

P—— W—— was another ' character.' He was one of the gentlest and most timid souls I have ever met. He was past middle age, and had been active in connexion with the Intelligence Department of the Dublin Brigade, I.R.A. He was a schoolmaster by profession. He was ' domiciled ' in ' C ' hut too. When ' lights out ' had sounded over the Camp we often lay awake for hours talking and discussing. When I visited ' C ' hut Liam and I would lie on opposite sides of the little room. We would speak across to each other—in subdued whispers—until morning broke. P—— W—— would listen to our discussions concerning Ireland, and the ' Republic,' and the Papal Church. We had no Bible or New Testament in those days. We used, however, to contrast, in our discussions, the arrogant claims and assumptions of the Papal Church with its action and attitude in times of national stress and difficulty.

Those were great hours of mental upheaval. A spiritual and political revolution was raging in my heart and mind. The old paths were fast losing their glamour. Doubts were marshalling themselves against the habitations of boyhood dreams and desires. The forces of questioning night were marching across the dreamlit skies of dawn. With the swift, burning and passionate iconoclasm of insurgent Youth we were beginning to strike

fiercely at the old gods and their gilded temples. Our souls sang forth a challenge to the ideas with which we had been surrounded from birth. Our hearts leaped to the crest of the Hill of Quest, and we dared the wrath of the lords of the land around. Our religion had failed us miserably in the hour of need. Our political ideals were perishing in the shambles. Exclusionist Nationalism was stripped of its meretricious allure, and was revealed as self-seeking ' politics ' and priestcraft. We asked for bread, and were given a stone. We needed the Light of the World, and were given candles burning dimly. We called for God, and the cheap idols stared stonily. Our souls cried out for God and the compassionate heart of the Eternal; and we heard the shuffling feet of the celibate. Again and again through the long nights of internment we spoke of the many things in which we had believed; of our doubts, and our disillusionments.

P—— W—— would listen intently. All his life he had been a ' Nationalist ' of a very advanced type, and when the Call to Arms rang through Ireland after the Rising of Easter 1916 he had marched with Youth under the defiant rebel folds of the Green, White, and Orange. He would not accept the Treaty between Great Britain and Southern Ireland, and so, when the big guns boomed against the Four Courts he had started out to help the extreme Republicans. We met him in Gormanston for the first time. We discussed Irish History with him at great length. He was even too timid to break away from the Nationalistic ' traditions.'

One night we had been discussing religion as we understood and experienced it in the Papal System, and P—— W—— seemed to be greatly upset by the arguments. At length he said to me, ' Well, Pádraig, if you are right, I've wasted a lot of my years.' It was poignant and pathetic. Next morning the two of us met in the passage of ' C ' hut, and he passed me by without a word or a nod of recognition. He had become fearful of our ' volcanic ' arguments, and would not gather courage to face frankly the ultimate issues. He was afraid of what doubt might hold for him after the ' wasted years.'

There are many souls like that. They do not wish to acknowledge—or even to realize, for themselves—that locusts have eaten the fair promise of harvest. They ' content ' themselves, therefore, in desolate fields, and crush continually all uprisings of doubt in the secret chambers of the heart. What a pitiable plight that is! Fear crushed from P—— W——'s soul the little song of freedom that would fain have crept in.

Another Camp ' character ' was M—— M——. He was a Dublin docker. He was distinguished in Gormanston by the blue jersey or ' gansey ' which he always wore. He had a horror of water before breakfast, it would seem. He would rise in the morning slowly, reluctantly, and grumblingly. The jersey would be slipped awkwardly over the head and shoulders and pulled violently down to the waist. Then he would stretch his arms, yawn prodigiously, and say, ' Ah, I'll wash after breakfast.' Very often he did *not* wash after breakfast. Some wag was wont to post a ' proclamation ' on the hut door. ' M—— M—— is washing to-day. Come in your thousands.' Sometimes I used to write home on his behalf. He could not read nor write. He was a married man with several children. The letter would begin, ' My dear Lizzie.' ' Yes? ' I would say then. ' My dear Lizzie.' ' Have you got that down? ' ' Yes, M——.' ' I got the cigarettes all right.' ' Yes? ' ' I hope you and the children is all right.' ' Yes, M——? ' ' Ah, you know yourself.' This meant that I was to continue the letter in whatever way I wished. ' Oh, but I don't know, M——.' ' What shall I say to your wife? ' M—— would scratch his head musingly.

Generally he left me to complete and conclude the epistle. Consequently I found myself, at the stage of early bachelorhood, writing, ' Your devoted husband.'

When the newspaper arrived in the morning M—— would be off to the end of the Camp to hear it being read aloud to a congregation of internees. Some of us grew very tired of the Press Propaganda and, in consequence, did not trouble about the morning reports. M——, however, acted as special courier. He would return with the ' news ' to the hut. We could understand, from a distance, the gist of the story. Let me explain that. If there appeared a report of some ' Irregular ' success, or if there were numerous releases M—— would be seen returning with arms upraised and fingers ' cracking,' and his mouth twisted in a gleeful whistle. If, on the other hand, there was news of an ' Irregular ' defeat and captures, he would return with one arm half-upraised and the fingers of one hand ' cracking ' dully, and lips pursed in a broken whistle. He was not at all conscious of his ' characteristics ' in those circumstances.

Sometimes M—— was very despondent. He was feeling keenly the enforced separation from his home and family. P—— C—— had little sympathy with him. Whenever M—— talked despondently P—— would give him a look of hostility and say, ' Fella's like you ought to be put out of prison. If you don't

stop grumblin' you'll get us all put out. That's what you'll do. It would take an armoured car to put me out now. Why, if you were outside you would have to work, and you mightn't get three meals a day either.'

I do not think that P—— C—— meant all that. He was incorrigibly cheerful. His pleasant, rubicund features glowed with good health all through the period of detention. He had served with the Imperial forces in the Great War and was probably quite accustomed to ' hard times.' He had a wife and family, too; and with optimistic philosophy concluded that ' they would be all right.' Numbers of the dependents of prisoners were granted an allowance by the Republican Organization. Many, of course, suffered much deprivation.

P—— C—— would never complain. ' Better times were coming,' he believed with unshakeable belief. He was a member of the Citizens' Army, and had not very much regard for the members of the I.R.A. although he had fought with them. Many elements in the Revolutionary forces did not fuse. P—— C—— was a radical Labour man with Communistic views. How he reconciled his Communism with his devout Romanism is a mystery. He would sometimes say, ' You know, boys, these fellas don't want a Workers' Republic; they're only going to change masters; and we'll have to fight them later on.'

' These fellas,' were the official Republican Army units. ' They are only going to change masters.' That was true in a very real sense. Ambitious politicians would use the young and enthusiastic to defeat British control in Ireland that they might enjoy the spoils of office. ' To change masters! ' That is all it meant ultimately. The same evil forces would tear at the heart of the nation under the Republican tricolour as under the Imperial flag.

Ireland's Saviour is Christ! There is none other! We have been misled and bewildered in a maze of theories; we have followed this politician and that; and we have not reached the wells of salvation, but still cry in the wilderness. When the nation returns to God then will she know peace and freedom. The Evangel of Redeeming Love which made my own heart ' strangely warm ' in that Methodist Mission Hall is the saving truth for Ireland.

Public worship ought to be both a ' giving ' to God and a ' getting ' from God; and, what is more, there must be, as far as possible, an equal emphasis on ' giving ' and ' getting.' Not only are both essential, but one must not obscure the other.—Ralph O. Price, B.A., B.D.; *Public Worship.*

Voices of the Past

By RICHARD H. WRAY.

IV ADAM CLARKE

ADAM CLARKE was one of Wesley's best-loved helpers. When they first met, Wesley was in his eightieth year, and had less than eight years of happy service on earth still before him; Adam Clarke was about twenty-two years old. The youth loved and honoured Wesley, rejoicing in every opportunity of hearing his mighty sermons, profiting by his wise counsel, and cherishing his memory with profound affection. Wesley saw in the young Irish preacher a man of great promise. 'Adam Clarke,' he said, 'is an extraordinary young man, capable of doing much good.'

The oft-told story of an early experience of Adam Clarke's gives an unforgettable and charming picture of the youth, miserably poor as regards this world's possessions, but with an ardent love of learning.

'Happening to turn up half a guinea while gardening at Kingswood School, Bristol, where he waited to be accepted by Wesley as a preacher, he, with the scholar's enthusiasm, handed it to Bayley, a master there, for a copy of the Hebrew grammar which he was then preparing. This was the foundation of Clarke's mastery in Biblical scholarship. He became a Briareus in languages and learning and was employed as editor and antiquarian by the Government. His Commentary on the whole Bible nourished several generations of Methodists' (Dr. G. Eayrs, *Wesley Letters*, p. 174).

The scholarship of Adam Clarke was remarkable in its extent and variety. His powers as a linguist were exceptional; he was an Orientalist of repute. Academic and other honours were showered upon him in recognition of his phenomenal gifts and achievements. He received the honorary degrees of M.A. and LL.D. of the University of Aberdeen in 1807 and 1808. He was a member of most of the learned societies in the United Kingdom. But all his studies were used to further his great aim, the salvation of men. He is an early and great example of 'The Scholar as Preacher.' He found great joy in the exposition of Scripture, not restricting his exposition to the sermon only, but frequently giving explanations of the portions read as lessons. He himself affirmed, 'If God has given me a talent for anything, it is for explaining the Scriptures.'

He did not spare himself in his ministerial work, and often

suffered ill-health, but by sheer determination and strict husbanding of time, habitually rising early, he pursued his studies with unremitting diligence. Two of Wesley's characteristic letters may be quoted, as illustrating Adam Clarke's tireless energy, and consequent need, in his delicate health, of his great leader's restraining hand. Writing to Henry Moore in 1790, Wesley said, ' But where can we put poor Adam Clarke? He must not preach himself to death. What circuit is he equal to? Where can he have rest as well as labour? '

To Adam Clarke himself he wrote in 1791, ' I am not afraid of your doing too little, but too much. I am in continual danger of this. Do little at a time, that you may do the more.'

Adam Clarke was a popular preacher, attracting great congregations. Great scholar though he was, his preaching was not academic in style. ' He never wrote an entire sermon with a view to deliver it, so, when he did write, which was extremely rare, it was little more than a mere outline. When he had preached on a text, and found unusual enlargement in the delivery, he was then induced sometimes to commit it to paper. He did not carry his sermon as a whole from the study to the pulpit, but often in the reverse way, brought his sermon out of the pulpit into the study ' (*Wesleyan Centenary Takings*, Vol. i. p. 77).

Dr. James Dixon's Lecture on Dr. Clarke contains an eloquent passage describing Adam Clarke's intense applications: ' The last part of his sermons was always the most powerful. He seemed to concentrate the truth he had been uttering into one focus. I have seen a congregation in one of our large chapels literally subdued by the power and force of his declamation. Some were weeping, some smiling, and some shouting for joy; all in commotion. He had a great heart, and when his heart began to work it stirred his intellect.'

Everett gives a picture of a scene at St. Austell, when a great congregation awaited the beloved preacher. ' The room was so completely filled that he was obliged to enter through a window, and literally creep on his hands and knees over the heads and shoulders of the people to reach the pulpit ' (*Adam Clarke Portrayed*).

There are many illustrations, in the early life of our subject, of the poverty and hardships to which the early Methodist preachers were subject. Writing a sympathetic letter to a young preacher, he speaks of his own privations: ' You cannot conceive

how destitute we were in many cases, about half a century ago, when I came into the Methodist Connexion. Bad beds and damp beds were common, and innutritive food general. I have often lodged in out-houses, in the coldest weather, without fire, and with scarcely enough of clothes to keep the vital spark in existence.' Here is an illustration illuminating indeed, showing us the depth of privation, and at the same time, the scholar's love of his books, which sorrowfully, yet willingly, he sacrifices for his loved wife and children: 'On one occasion, having neither food nor money, I went to my books, and selecting with an aching heart, some which might be better spared than the rest, I repaired with them to a bookseller, who gave me three pounds for what had cost me nine. The hunger and cold I would rather have borne than the loss of a portion of my small library, but that my wife and children should lack such scanty comfort as this sacrifice supplied was a thought not to be endured for a moment.'

Adam Clarke had a tender heart. His wife was a true helpmeet, and their mutual affection was very deep. The husband described the wife as 'my beyond all comparison excellent Mary.' He said, 'Before I took my Mary by the hand, who was most delicately brought up, I asked her, "As I am at the disposal of Mr. Wesley and the Conference, and they can send me whither they please, will you go with me whithersoever I am sent?" "Yes, if I take you, I take you as a minister of Christ, and shall go with you to the ends of the earth."' The deep human sympathies of Adam Clarke are seen in his devotion to the poor and needy. In Bristol, Dublin, and Manchester he established Strangers' Friendly Societies for relieving sick and distressed persons, without respect to their creed.

He established, by the help of generous friends, some half-dozen day schools in Ulster, in an age when education was in a lamentably low state, thus revealing his continued love for and sympathy with, his native land. Adam Clarke's learning and achievements were prodigious, but his memory should remain green less for his gifts, than for the greatness of his love for God and man. He was a Methodist Greatheart.

Wesley always preserved the balance of the outward and the inward in religion; of the evangelical and the devotional; of the organization for the present age and the organization for all time; of personal experience and collective experience; and he feared the forces which might upset that balance.

—J. E. Rattenbury in *Wesley's Legacy to the World.*

King Baby

Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

'WHITSUN, too! such a time for Mrs. Hippery to elect for the birth of a son!' observed Miss Plunket, who, being an old maid, was tremendously interested in weddings and in God's great gift of a baby to the parents. Possibly this dear woman, who had not been without her romance, took a more than ordinary interest in women who had been more fortunate than herself as to fulfilment. Miss Plunket was a kindly and sympathetic soul, despite certain weaknesses, so, as soon as Dr. Farquar told her of the arrival of this baby, she filled a basket with dainties, and wended her way along the sunlit street to Hippery's Stores and Tea Gardens, on the outskirts of the village. As she passed Target's shop, she was accosted by Mrs. Target. 'You've heard the news, Miss?' she said. Miss Plunket nodded, smiling. 'I was with Bertha all night,' said Mrs. Target. 'It was a bit unexpected-like. It's a lovely boy. There's a nurse there now, and Hippery, he's beside himself with joy. It's a good job he took in Orlando—queer name, isn't it, Miss? Well, you see, he's got married to Meg Burgess, and Meg is going to mind the child. A real nice little girl Meg is, and seems to me Hippery is in luck. Meg will help all round, as well as mind the baby when this nurse as has come from Hastings goes.'

'I'm going there now,' Miss Plunket said, with a broad smile. 'Perhaps I can't be of use, but, anyway, I can find out.'

'Well, Miss,' said Mrs. Target, 'I know they will think it uncommon kind of you to go round.'

Miss Plunket was not quite so sure. Hippery was a queer sort of man. Still, as she told herself she could always beat a retreat if she were not welcomed.

She found Hippery outside his gate, staring down the street with the air of a sleep-walker. His shock of red hair stood up over his head, burnished metallically in the sunlight.

'Unto us a son is born!' he proclaimed.

'Yes, I am so glad, Hippery,' said Miss Plunket. 'I have brought a few dainties Bertha may fancy. I wonder if I may see her?'

'You can, Miss Plunket,' said the enraptured Hippery, 'and I think it real kind of you to come. Bertha is wonderfully well,

and so happy. I do wish my old mother were alive to see my boy! Henry, he is to be called. Why, he's as like me as two peas are like each other.'

He led Miss Plunket into the bungalow—the bungalow he had built for his mother. In a very neat bedroom Miss Plunket saw Bertha lying on a white bed, with a tiny head in the hollow of her arm—a head covered with red hair. A nurse was busy with something at a washstand.

'Oh! you! Miss Plunket!' almost whispered Bertha. 'Well, I do call it kind! Do look at my baby! Now, isn't he fine? Such a perfect baby: and Henry—oh! Miss Plunket, you want to help. It is your way. It always was your way. Don't mind about me. Help Henry if you can. I mean, Miss, if he gets a bit queer when excited, and you can soothe him like—same as his mother did—same as I have done, learned by her! He's excited-like now.'

'Bertha, what I can do I will,' answered Miss Plunket fervently. She was amazed to see such unselfish thought for her husband in Bertha, especially at a time like this. Bertha, who had been so flighty and self-willed before her marriage! Miss Plunket's eyes—critical eyes at that!—saw a new beauty in Bertha's face. Bertha had always been a very pretty girl, but this morning there was a beauty of soul shining in her face, which made this old maid think of a picture she had seen of the Madonna.

'My old mother isn't well,' Bertha next said. 'Mrs. Target was here all last night. God bless her!'

'Now, then, Mrs. Hippery,' came in the nurse's gentle voice. 'You mustn't talk any more. You've got to rest quietly.'

Miss Plunket took the hint, and after a kindly pressure of Bertha's hand, made for the door. Looking back over her shoulder as she went out, she said, 'I'll try to look after your husband.'

Passing out of the bungalow she saw Orlando and Meg busily laying tables in the tea-garden. Meg was wearing a green linen frock and a white muslin apron. Orlando was garbed in a waiter's suit. The absence of the left hand was to Miss Plunket a very pathetic note. She stood a moment on the garden path, watching this pair with lively interest.

Meg's low-voiced treble reached her where she stood.

'Orlando, we've got to make all go well for Mr. Hippery while his wife's laid by. We've but three hands between us, but we've the will of a dozen! Look what they've done for us!'

Miss Plunket smiled with pleasure. 'I don't think Bertha need worry,' she told herself, contentedly. She had come of late to recognize how much more good there was in people than she had in past times thought. She had become more far-seeing than in old days. She had become more pitiful of wrong-doers even. Her days were passing quickly to a close. She was desirous of filling these days with kindly actions. The face she saw in her mirror, as she did her hair in the mornings, was now a network of wrinkles, yet she detected something in that ageing face which was better than the young face that had in old days met her in the looking-glass. She was thankful to God for that something she saw, to her it was just one thing—humiliation. She had come to think little of herself, which is possibly the only real greatness.

Bertha had appealed to her to help Hippery if he should get 'queer.' She had not the remotest idea how she could do this, but she meant to try. The occasion did not come then, but it did come later—two months later.

Bertha, who had seemed to be so well, had something that went wrong. She was ill, very ill, and the baby was delivered entirely over to Meg. The baby developed fits, and Doctor Farquar told Miss Plunket that this beautiful child would probably be an idiot if he lived.

Bertha, herself in charge of a nurse, knew nothing of the tragedy of her son. She was counting the days when she should be well again and able to enjoy her baby. Hippery became very 'queer' indeed, but curiously enough he managed to appear normal when with his wife, who was slowly creeping back to active life.

One July morning, so early that Miss Plunket had not yet had her cup of tea brought to her bedside, Hippery presented himself at her front door, and demanded to see her. She heard his voice, and springing from her bed, donned a dressing-gown and slippers, ringing a bell so violently that the rope she pulled fell in a heap on the floor. A half-awake and frightened maid answered her summons.

'Bring Hippery in at once,' Miss Plunket ordered. 'Tell him I will see him.'

The maid began to blubber. 'Oh, Miss, don't you do it. Hippery seems "off his head."'

'Do as I tell you,' commanded Miss Plunket, who was rapidly paying decent attention to her toilet. A very few minutes later, Miss Plunket was facing a distracted man in her dining-room. Hippery was garbed only in shirt and trousers. His red hair

stood up on his head like a bush. His face was pale as one who is dead. His whole body trembled and shook.

'Miss Plunket,' he moaned. 'I've killed my baby. My baby had well-nigh killed my wife. I've come to you, because Bertha said if I was up against it, I was to come to you: but I can't see that you can do anything. They'll hang me, of course. But, Miss, will you look after my poor Bertha?'

Miss Plunket was frozen with horror.

'Stay quietly here,' she said, in tones which somehow steadied him. Then she left the room, and sent one of the maids for Dr. Farquar, who lived opposite. He came at once, having just arrived from Hippery's place.

'What is wrong?' he asked as he saw Miss Plunket's scared face.

'Oh, Dr. Farquar, Hippery is here. He must have gone mad, and killed his child, because he thought it had caused his wife's illness. Oh! it is too terrible!'

Dr. Farquar waved a comforting hand, and spoke in a comforting voice.

'My dear lady, it is all a delusion,' he told her. 'I was with the baby when it died this morning. It died in a fit, poor little thing, and Meg had striven so hard to rear it. She is a little brick. I did not know Hippery even knew the poor child was dead. I wanted to see him, and he could not be found. The mother knows, and is perfectly resigned. I made her understand that the little mite would never have been normal. She is herself fast gaining ground, but desperately anxious about her husband. Poor fellow, he is very highly-strung. I may as well see him.'

Hippery was pacing the dining-room with rapid strides as the two entered. He turned a pale desperate face towards them, exclaiming, 'Who will care for my Bertha when they hang me?—and that dear lamb I killed because of her! God will never forgive me! How did I do it?'

'Hippery,' said Dr. Farquar in a voice at once strong and gentle, '*you did not kill your child.* God took him, because it was best. You are overwrought. Soon you will calm down and understand.'

'Look here!' cried Miss Plunket, 'I promised Bertha I would look after her husband if he got "queer." He is going to stay here till you have cured his nerves. I shall see to him personally. I will see Bertha, and she will approve, I know.'

Hippery doubled up on a couch and lay inert.

'I can soon bring him round,' said Dr. Farquar cheerfully, 'and that man Orlando with his wife will attend to the tea-gardens all right.'

Curiously enough, Hippery consented to be conducted to a pleasant bedroom where Bounce, who had been bequeathed to Miss Plunket by that dear brother who had died, ministered to him. Bounce was wonderful. He was calming. All Hippery needed really was calming.

As for Bertha, Miss Plunket went round to her, and set her heart at rest. Bertha was mending fast, but the loss of her baby was a grief indescribable.

'It's best, though!' she said to Miss Plunket. 'Baby might have been queer too. Henry called him "King Baby," and used to carry him round. He makes verses about him, beautiful verses.'

'Bertha, that has given me an idea—a wonderful notion. Can you tell me where those verses are to be found? I can't understand Hippery destroying them.'

'No more he has, Miss. You'll find them in that old writing-case on the chest of drawers. That desk was his mother's. It ain't locked.'

Miss Plunket easily found the parcel marked outside 'King Baby,' and tied-up with ribbon-string, on which was printed 'Hippery's Stores' at a few inches intervals. Hippery always gave his customers their parcels daintily tied with this ribbon-string. The verses were scribbled on bill-head paper.

Bertha watched eagerly the expression on Miss Plunket's face as she turned over the long narrow sheets. But Miss Plunket never showed a sign of dissatisfaction on her wrinkled face, though she found the verses absolute 'piffle.' Some had a trace of a fine thought in them, but all were in an awful doggerel. The rhyming of *Dawn* and *Morn* was a mild sample of these attempts at rhyme.

'Henry wants them verses published in a book,' Bertha announced with pride.

'Now look here, Bertha,' said Miss Plunket. 'That is the way I am going to cure Hippery. I shall get him a typewriter and show him how to use it. Then I shall make him type all these verses, telling him they are going to be published. I shall arrange with printers and bookbinders. I shall have six copies made of the book, nicely bound. I fancy this will cure Hippery. He will never know how I arrange this; but arrange it I will.'

Bertha was overjoyed. Of course this would cure Hippery's

nerves! Very few more days and she would be her old self again, working in the tea-garden. He would be back again in the shop, too, swelling with pride.

When Dr. Farquar found a sudden change in Hippery—a complete change for the better—he talked of miracles and magic and other allied subjects, to Miss Plunket. 'You've been this man's salvation somehow. How did you do it?'

For answer he was led (and pushed!) into Hippery's workroom, where he was typing rapidly, oblivious to all the world, so absorbed was he in his work. They left the room without his even having noticed their presence.

In a few days the work was done, and Hippery went back to his bungalow-shop, his pretty tea-garden, and, above all, to his beloved Bertha. He was swelling with pride.

The first thing he did when he got home was to paint on the bungalow after his name the word AUTHOR in big letters. Larry Jones, the little butcher, and Jack Barnard, watched him as he completed his task from the house-steps (the kind which open like scissors).

'Say, Hippery!' called Jack Barnard. 'What the Sam Hill does that mean?'

'It means, young man, that I am an author. I have a book of poems coming out shortly. I shall show a copy in my window. There will only be a very small first edition so that edition will one day be very valuable. I believe that publishers not infrequently do that with volumes of poems!'

'Well, if that don't beat the band!' Larry declared. 'How much is it to be?' asked Larry.

'My friend, it is to be four shillings and sixpence, and will have a green leather cover, with gold for the outside lettering.'

By the evening, every one in the village knew of the great honour which had come to Farley village. They possessed a live author of their own! Numerous strangers too knew about it, as that day quite a crowd came to the tea-gardens, which were prospering exceedingly, all the visitors being interested vastly in the newly-painted legend, each according to his mood.

One middle-aged woman eyed it through her pincenez, remarking to a girl who had paid her bill and was departing, somewhat hurriedly, 'I expect he's written a guide-book in paper covers.' The girl shrugged her shoulders. Hippery, hearing this remark, as he moved between the tables, corrected it.

'No, madam, my book is *poetry*, and its handsome cover will be green leather, with gold lettering.'

The woman, who happened to know something of publishers, exclaimed, ' Who publishes it? '

' I am afraid I don't know, madam,' replied Hippery, whose face wore a puzzled expression. He really had never before considered that question. All that he had cared about, or thought about, was the splendid fact that his book was even now in the hands of printers and bookbinders. What, after all, did the publisher's name matter?

' You have a book of poems coming out, and you don't even know the name of the publisher? ' the woman cried in bewilderment.

' Legion is the name of publishers,' pronounced Hippery pompously. ' My publisher is one of this Legion. Can it much matter which of them? '

' Well, it would matter a lot to most authors,' the woman made answer, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. ' I chance to be sub-editor of a magazine.'

' Really! ' exclaimed Hippery, now very interested. ' I would like to ask your name! '

' I don't think I can give you that,' answered the woman, smiling a little. ' One of the *Legion,* you know. Can it matter which? '

Hippery passed his fingers through his shock of red hair, considering.

The woman spoke again, and this time her tone was more kindly. ' I suppose you employed an agent, Mr. Hippery. I hope you have not paid much for this publication? '

' Not one penny, madam,' Hippery proudly made answer.

The woman's face was a picture of amazement as she declared that this publisher of Hippery's must be a very remarkable member of the Legion. She went on to tell him that he was little likely to receive any money for the book.

Hippery smiled happily as he replied, ' But, madam, I don't want any money for it! I get plenty of money from my tea-garden.'

Then this ' sub-editor ' said, ' I have never known a case like this in a long experience in publishing houses. I shall look out for your book if you will tell me the name of it, and if I can, I will give it a little " shove-on " in my magazine.'

' *King Baby,* I call the book, madam, for all the poems are about my little son who died.'

A tremor had come into Hippery's voice as he spoke this last sentence, and his eyes grew bright with a suspicious moisture.

This got the sub-editress right down—as Jack Barnard would have expressed it. There was real sympathy in her voice as she said, ' I'll go back on my words, Mr. Hippery. Here is my card. Don't lose it. Send me a copy of your book as soon as it comes out. Don't fail. I'll have a try to do something for it.'

Hippery was for once nearly dumb—Hippery, the ' Talking Machine,' according to Jack Barnard. He looked at the card in his hand. That hand trembled so much that for some minutes he could not read the words upon it. At last he read:

Miss Monica Borrowdale,
Beauty and Utility Magazine.

An address followed, but at the moment Hippery did not read it: but he vaguely knew it was London.

' I must go now,' said Miss Borrowdale, seeing the man's almost painful embarrassment; also being herself very sensitive about receiving thanks. She was in the late thirties, but still had an innate shyness. Few suspected this. Already she had settled her account with Orlando dès Morès Rivers.

Miss Borrowdale had come in her own car. Hippery had now a fairly large parking place at the farther side of his bungalow. She made for this. But Hippery could reach it more quickly by passing through his house. Bertha saw him from a window place a huge box of chocolates on the seat of Miss Borrowdale's car. It was tied up with that narrow blue ribbon marked ' Hippery ' every few inches.

As Miss Borrowdale came round to her car, she found Hippery a little near—but not too near. She sprang lightly into her car, started the engine, and called out to him, ' Good-bye—and good luck to your book! '

' Good-bye, and good luck to you in all things, madam,' replied Hippery.

After she had travelled at good speed for an hour, and had stopped the car to look at a lovely old farmhouse, she discovered Hippery's gift of chocolates upon the seat. An unaccustomed moisture came into her eyes. What a delicate little token of gratitude! She began to see daylight!

Someone had thought to help to heal his wound at the loss of that baby son by paying for the publication of his verses about that little lost son. Quite evidently Hippery was entirely ignorant both as to book publication and of the secret help of a friend. If only she—Monica Borrowdale—could locate this friend, they might pull together and do something worth while.

However there was nothing for it but to wait till the book reached her at the office. It might be soon. Anyway, she was starting back to London very early next morning. To-night she was staying at the Queen's Hotel at Hastings.

* * * * *

As Miss Plunket was sipping her after-dinner coffee, Bounce came to say that Hippery would like a word with her.

'Bring him in at once, Bounce,' Miss Plunket ordered. 'I hope there is no new trouble?'

'I think not, Miss,' Bounce answered with a suspicious grin on his weather-beaten face. 'Hippery looks just bursting with good news.'

Miss Plunket tapped on the table with her finger-tips impatiently. 'Hurry, Bounce, bring him in, and see we are not disturbed.'

Hippery was clad in his Sunday suit. His unruly hair had been oiled and brushed into something like subjection.

'I hope, Miss Plunket, you will pardon my coming,' he began.

Miss Plunket silenced him in her didactic manner. 'Don't waste time, Hippery. Tell me your news at once—and sit down, you fidget me standing there twirling your hat. You know quite well I shall be glad about any good thing that has come to you.'

Hippery found himself seated at the side of the vast dinner-table. Bounce had come silently in and had placed coffee at his elbow, knowing by instinct his mistress's wishes.

'A lady came to my tea-garden to-day, Miss Plunket. This is her card. She wants me to send her a copy of my poems to her office. She says she'll give the book "a shove-on"—those were her words. She seemed a bit surprised I could not name the publisher, and a bit unbelieving at the start, and asked me what the title of the book was; and I told her *King Baby,* and for why. Then she started in quite different. Her voice got all soft and kind. I thought I had best come and tell you because I can't make head or tail of it.'

'You leave that card with me, Hippery. There may be some luck—extra good luck—but don't count too much on it. Now, don't start asking me questions. Just go back to Bertha, calm and quiet. Read to her a bit: do anything that's cheerful. The day's work is over. One thing I will say, the book shall certainly be sent to Miss Borrowdale. Go now, I want to think it all out.'

After Hippery had gone, Miss Plunket opened a bureau—a fine old piece of furniture full of tiny worm-holes. This was her writing-desk, as it had been her mother's and her grandmother's.

She sat down and wrote to Miss Borrowdale. She told of Hippery's breakdown, and of her original way of bringing the broken-hearted would-be poet back to the normal.

She declared that a lot of the book was unadulterated ' piffle,' and that Hippery was entirely ignorant of the laws that govern the making of verse; but, every now and then a most beautiful thought occurred and sometimes an unforgettable line.

If Miss Borrowdale saw her way to attract the public to this very human, if faulty book, she, Miss Plunket, would be eternally grateful. Here was a man who might have been a genius, but for a terrible shock his mother had before his birth. His father had certainly been a genius, but in another line. Alas! that man's brain gave way. Then, practical Miss Plunket stated that should Miss Borowdale's review ' strike fire,' she, Miss Plunket, would see to it that copies were forthcoming.

* * * *

What happened was that Miss Borrowdale's review of this book in *Beauty and Utility* attracted tremendous attention. Here was a book crammed with errors of craftmanship, yet which contained numberless fragments of high poetic thought.

Review copies were then sent out freely by Miss Plunket's arrangement with tremendous results.

One consequence was, that Messrs. Vidler and Amos, of Hastings, Printers and Bookbinders, suddenly awoke to the fact that they were *Publishers*. They ' got up on their hind legs '—as Jack Barnard would say—and began to print hundreds of copies of *King Baby* quite independent of Miss Plunket. Soon all shops where books were sold had *King Baby* in the window.

' It goes like hot cakes,' one bookseller affirmed. ' I think it goes *because* of its defects rather than *in spite of them.*'

Undoubtedly the general public, ' who can't write for nuts,' is really glad to see a man succeed, who is as one of themselves.

Miss Plunket motored over to Hastings to interview Vidler and Amos about terms. These publishers, new to the game, were extraordinarily generous. Miss Plunket returned to Farley highly pleased with herself. She had tried to do a small thing and it had unexpectedly loomed up great.

Just as in the case of *Marie Claire,* the French servant-girl, whose book made a sensation just because she was a servant-girl, so Hippery's book ran into many editions, because he was a tea-garden proprietor and knew not the laws of poetry.

But Miss Plunket was jubilant. Messrs. Vidler and Amos put on airs. As for Hippery, he had ascended to the seventh heaven.

Music and Literature

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

III SHAKESPEARE (3)

Songs and Singing.

BUT if Shakespeare knew little about organs, he was well acquainted with the popular songs of the day, and it is evident from many of the plays that vocal music was a source of great delight to him. His many references to songs and singers are very interesting, and they help us to recreate the musical life of the period very vividly.

Amongst the songs current in Elizabeth's reign Shakespeare specially introduces ' When daffodils begin to peer,' ' A poor soul sat sighing,' and ' Under the greenwood tree,' whilst others that are alluded to are ' The hunt is up,' ' Heart's Ease,' and ' Light o' Love.' The last-named is the cause of a lively scene in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* between Julia, who is in love with Proteus, and her tiring maid Lucetta. The latter has brought her mistress a letter from Proteus, a fact which she pretends to be quite ignorant of, and tries to turn the tables.

JULIA: Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
LUCETTA: That I might sing it, madam, to a tune. Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
JULIA: As little by such toys as may be possible. Best sing it to the tune of ' Light o' Love.'
LUCETTA: It is too heavy for so light a tune.
JULIA: Heavy? Belike it hath some burden, then.

At last Julia ' sets ' a tune, only to meet with sharp criticism from her perky waiting-maid, who accuses her of being out of tune. First she's too sharp, and then too flat, nor does Julia even care for the music. This setting of the tune seems to imply that it was the duty of some capable person to give the first note to the singers without the help of a pitch-pipe.

' Burdens ' or Refrains.

Lucetta's remark that the words are ' too heavy for so light a tune ' means that it had no ' burden,' as the refrain of a song was then called. The burden was an important feature. In many songs the music would be accompanied by a monotonous drawl, which was usually pitched much lower than the song. Sometimes a burden consisted of a phrase or figure introduced at the end of a line or verse, and would take the form of a string of syllables to which little meaning could be attached. We

have an example in one of Ophelia's songs, ' Hey, non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,' which occurs also in the more celebrated song, ' It was a lover and his lass.' Mrs. Quickly sings (or hums) ' Down, down, adown-a,' while the servant in the *Winter's Tale* announces with glee that the ' pedlar at the door ' has songs ' with such delicate burdens of " dildos " and " fadings," " jump her and thump her." ' The tune to ' Light o' Love ' was, as we gather from the context above, of a light character, and had no burden.

In Ariel's song, ' Come unto these yellow sands,' we have the line ' And, sweet sprites, the burden bear,' followed by the burden ' Bow wow '; while in the next song ' Ding dong ' is the refrain. Other examples of burdens of early English songs are ' Hey, troly loly ' (the ancestor of ' Tol de rol ' and its brother ' Fol de rol '), and ' Hey, derry down.' Some songs had the syllables ' Fa la la ' at the end of each line or verse, and consequently received the generic name of ' Fa-las.'

Shakespeare not only refers to the popular songs of the day, which would be well known to his audiences, but he also appears to have been acquainted with what we should now call ' recent publications.' In the merry scene in *Twelfth Night* between Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and the clown, the last named starts up a song, ' O Mistress Mine.' Now this play was probably written about 1600, and it was only in the previous year that the song had been published. It appeared in Thomas Morley's *First Book of Consort Lessons, made by Divers Exquisite Authors for Six Instruments.* Whether Morley composed the tune or not is uncertain; it may have been an old one, but it certainly received new currency by the advertisement given to it by the dramatist.

Another song attempted by these jovial spirits was ' Farewell, dear heart,' which was probably a parody on ' Farewell, dear love.' This was a four-part song with accompaniment for the lute which had just been published in Robert Jones's *First Book of Ayres.* This is a further proof that what may be called the good music of the period was intermingled with songs of the tavern and ditties of the common people.

Popular Ballads.

The extent to which vocal music was known is evident from what Autolycus says when he is trying to sell his ballads:

AUT.—This is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of ' Two maids wooing a man '; there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

MOPSA.—We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DORCAS.—We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT.—I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

So we find that the country maids were used to singing in parts from memory, whilst a pedlar was ready to tune up whenever an opportunity offered.

Peculiarities of Singers.

Shakespeare introduces us to singers of various degrees of ability, and those who had not full command of their voices were just as ready with excuses for bad performance as their descendants are to-day. We have evidence of this in a scene between Touchstone and the two pages in *As You Like It*:

FIRST PAGE: Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE: By my troth, well met. Come sit, sit, and a song.

SECOND PAGE: We are for you; sit i' the middle.

FIRST PAGE: Shall we clap unto it roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

The two pages then sing 'It was a lover and his lass,' at the end of which Touchstone informs them that they sang out of tune, and leaves them with the words 'God be wi' you, and God mend your voices!'

Unmusical People.

Though there were many music lovers in Shakespeare's days, there were also a large number of people who cared little or nothing for the art, and even professed to despise it. Cassio engages some wandering musician to play outside the castle walls—'something that's brief'—but when Othello appears he sends the clown out to dismiss them, which he does in a not very polite manner:

Masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music that he desires you, of all your loves, to make no more noise with it.

Hotspur had no love for the art:

> Had rather hear a brazen can'stick burn'd
> Or a dry wheel grate on an axle tree;

and certainly did not appreciate Lucentio's estimate of the value of music, who declared that it was ordained

> To refresh the mind of man
> After his studies or his usual pain.

(To be continued.)

Leaves from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

THE TOFFY-MAN

CHICKABIDDY it was who unearthed the 'Toffy-man' from my old portfolio. She screamed with delight as she held up the picture of a veritable scarecrow of a rag-and-bone-man, and demanded to be told all about him. Chickabiddy by this time had become the very light of my eyes. She was clever, and picked up 'manners' with amazing quickness. I had a refined little governess for her, and when she had been good at her lessons, she was allowed to squat on my studio floor, and turn over the contents of the portfolio. She would say to me, 'Aunt Gabrielle' (I had taught her to call me that), 'my hands are, oh! so clean: and I'll be so careful: and Miss Gibbs says I've been good—and can't I have the old portfolio?'

Then would follow a selection of pictures, and a demand for a story about each one.

'Oh! the Toffy-man was really very funny,' I told her, 'but a little sad, too. You look at the picture, while I tell you about him. You see, he is wearing an old top-hat trimmed all over with sticky fly-papers. You know that they are sticky, because you see them covered with flies. You see that he wears a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other. You see his bare elbow peeping out of his coat sleeve. And look at his long grey beard! It is so long, that he tucks it into the leather belt round his waist. Do you see what he is doing with his hands?'

'He's pulling something funny out of a great big tin—something like yards of brown ribbon—only it isn't,' said Chickabiddy.

'That is soft toffy,' I told her. 'He will twist pieces off the toffy streamer and give a piece to each child near his barrow, who brings him a few rags or bones. Do you see the crowds of children round the barrow?'

'They don't look very clean,' Chickabiddy pronounced, glancing from the picture to her pretty white frock.

'No, they were not clean, poor little mites, but that was not their fault. I painted that picture in a village in North Staffordshire, where there were coalpits, and the poor children had the pit-banks for their playground. I will tell you all about

pit-banks another time. You will find pictures of them in that portfolio. Well, the one day in the week these children looked forward to was Saturday, because on that day the Toffy-man trundled his barrow down the street, a big tin of soft toffy in the back, and in the rest of the barrow rags and bones. All the week the children collected rags, that they might exchange them for a twist of toffy on Saturday.

'On the Saturday on which I made this sketch, I was amazed at the crowds of children sucking toffy. Then something happened, Chickabiddy.'

Chickabiddy's big violet eyes were opened to their widest extent. Her mouth was slightly open, showing two little rows of pearls. I saw she was holding her breath.

'A big woman ran out of one of an unlovely row of houses—a row of houses all banded with iron, to keep them from falling down, because the ground under them was sinking—sinking down. You see, Chickabiddy, so much coal had been taken out of the ground deep down, that the top began to sink. Well, this big woman had a big broom, with which she knocked off the Toffy-man's tall hat. "Look here, mister!" she cried as she pulled a good pair of knitted worsted stockings from the heap of rags, "You know them isn't rags and you took 'em from my boy, so you did." The Toffy-man picked up his hat, replaced it, flies and all, on his head, before he began to pour forth words to which no one listened. He soon stopped talking, however, for now crowds of women were thrusting their hands into his barrow. A big search was being made.

'This is the sort of thing I heard:

'"Why, here is young Joe's vest, and not so much as a mend on it!"

'"Oh! look here! Well, my Harry is in for a spanking! My roller towel that was on the line drying; my roller towel that is next to new!"

'"And here's an apron of mine I've missed all the week! What if it is patched! I've been losing things something awful lately off the line!"

'Another voice rose in fierce indignation. "My stars! Why, if there isn't my red flannel petticoat! I've been looking high and low for it!"

'You see, Chickabiddy, some of these naughty little boys and girls had not been able to find rags, so they had taken other things to give to the Toffy-man because they wanted the toffy so badly. What do you think happened next?'

'Oh, tell me, Aunt Gabrielle. I 'speck there was some whippings!'

'Yes, there were whippings, Chickabiddy. I heard quite a lot of crying, and quite a lot of smacks: but that was later in the day when the naughty children had been found. You see, they all ran away and hid—all those who had given things that were not rags to the Toffy-man.

'But the Toffy-man was the naughtiest of all. He knew quite well that the things given to him were not all rags. So the women, who were very angry, took his toffy-tin and put it upside-down on his head, and banged it with their fists till streams of soft toffy smothered him. His long beard was matted together with it. His top hat lost its crown, and came round his neck like a collar. His eyes and nose and mouth, to say nothing of his ears, were full of it.

'At last a woman cried out, "Take the tin off. He's had enough." This was the woman who had found her red flannel petticoat in the barrow.

'Some of the women were bent on more punishment, but the owner of the red flannel petticoat, pushed her way in and herself removed the toffy-tin. Such a sight as was the Toffy-man called forth roars of laughter. But the Toffy-man was sobbing.

'"Come with me and I will clean you up, and make you a cup of tea," said the owner of the red flannel petticoat, who led the man into her own bit of the tumbling-down row of unlovely houses.

'The other women went to their own quarters, quiet enough now, though later on they "took their rods out of pickle," in readiness for their naughty boys and girls.

'I found my way to Sarah Rowley's door—Sarah Rowley I discovered to be the name of the owner of the red flannel petticoat. That door was open, and the woman had just completed her cleansing of the Toffy-man. I doubt if he had ever had such a clean head and neck and beard in his life! Sarah was now holding out to him a steaming cup of tea. Tears were coursing down his cheeks.

'"Now don't take on," Sarah said, "drink this and go your ways, and don't you lead silly, ignorant children to become thieves."

'"No, never, after what you've done for me," he said, and then—"God reward you—and forgive me!"

'So, Chickabiddy, that is the story of the Toffy-man.'

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS.

'Public Worship.'

THERE is hardly a subject of greater importance than the conduct of Public Worship. For the guidance of all churchgoers the Fellowship of the Kingdom Pamphlet, No. 19, by Rev. Ralph O. Price, B.A., B.D. (3*d.*) will be found most useful and informing. The writer has dealt with the subject in a clear and forceful manner. In the introduction he says, 'It matters greatly to us as church members whether our worship is genuine or not. For "Public Worship," as it is called, occupies a sovereign place in Church life. . . . Whatever else the Church may do or leave undone, whether the congregation be many or few, the services are held with unfailing regularity. That fact in itself witnesses to our belief that such worship is one of the principal means of grace. From it we expect direct spiritual results—the conversion of sinners, the upbuilding of saints, and the generating of power for Christian service. Could anything, then, be more important than to know what worship really is, and whether our public worship fulfils the true meaning of the words?' Then there follows a very able exposition of the Theory of Worship. He shows that worship is either 'giving' or 'getting.' According to Prof. Pratt, 'Catholic' worship is classed in the 'giving' and 'Protestant' in 'getting.' The former believes that 'it is his duty and privilege to worship. He owes something which he must give, and which God will be pleased to accept. It does not greatly matter if he cannot understand the words of the priest. . . . It is enough for the worshipper that God is there, and that He is being glorified in historic manner. The Catholic is there to give.' 'On the other hand the Protestant, it is said, goes to Church to get. He expects a blessing as he joins in worship with his brethren—forgiveness for his sin, relief from his burden, comfort, strength, and the mercies for which we commonly pray. He does not go to Church because he ought—but because he desires to get something which would otherwise be missing.' Private worship has its place in our religious life. But if we worship alone we miss something, for emotions are more easily quickened and have more contagious power in the congregation. Hence Mr. Price insists on the social side of worship, and here the help of hymns is specially noticeable.

Coming to the Practice of Worship it is asked if we emphasize to its proper degree the fact that we go to Church to *give* God something? Theoretically it is so; but is it in practice? One goes to 'hear' a certain preacher, another leaves one church for some other where he believes he can 'get more good.' Interest may be too centred in the preacher. The results of these different attitudes are carefully worked out. The behaviour of the congregation is examined, and here there is certainly room for improvement in Methodist churches. The hymns sung, and the order of the services, morning and evening, are important matters, as are the prayers offered. These 'do not always serve the social side of worship. They are sometimes so long that most worshippers soon give up the effort to follow them; and sometimes so didactic and full of indirect instruction that they cease to be prayers at all. The value of the extempore prayer is not to be questioned. It may indeed be, and often is, a true means of grace, and there ought always to be a place for such prayer in public worship. But from the social standpoint it might be well, where a liturgical order is not followed, to introduce some opportunity for responses by the congregation. The feeling of "all-together-ness" would be greatly helped thereby.' This pamphlet should be broadcast in all congregations.

A Great Voyager and Discoverer.

In *Captain Matthew Flinders, R.N., His Voyages, Discoveries, and Fortunes* (3*s.* 6*d.* net) the Rev. Joseph Bryant has written a fine, inspiriting life of a great naval hero. It is a popular account of the captain who made known to the world the coast-line of Australia. The author is right when he says that 'a setting of Flinder's story might appeal to older boys and bring them under the spell of this great, adventurous character, and at the same time be adequate to the needs of most adult readers.' Certainly Mr. Bryant attains his object, for in reading the work we are struck with the magnificent courage, indomitable perseverance, and doggedness of this great sailor. He was a Lincolnshire lad who very early went to sea and attained, by his own initiative and concentrated labours, a great place among naval heroes. To this thrilling tale Professor Sir Flinders Petrie has written a Foreword, from which we quote, to show the high opinion this great authority has of Captain Flinders and also of Mr. Bryant's well-written work. Sir Flinders says:

'It is with pleasure that I have seen the proofs of a popular account of Captain Matthew Flinders, intended to reach a wider

circle than the full life by Professor Ernest Scott. As an example to the present generation his passion for discovery was not only a love of novelty, but was based on such precision and accuracy that his work never needed to be repeated until entirely new requirements had arisen. In the midst of all the routine of command and of survey he reached two great steps in new methods, the compensation for compass errors, used still as "Flinder's Bar," and in the use of the barometer at sea. Had his life not been cut short by the results of the illegal treatment by French diplomacy, he would doubtless have been in the band of Sabine, Smyth, and others who founded the scientific school of the Navy a century ago. In the engraving of his charts every detail was rigorously checked, and the definition of day and night tracks was kept up, to distinguish what could be seen around, and what was only a single line of safety. Let the lesson of an inland boy becoming a leader of nautical science show us that accuracy and a zealous use of opportunities are worth more than wealth or patronage, for he reached the highest wealth—that of foresight, discovery, and the esteem of all those who worked with him.'

A Fairy Story Book.

It is to be hoped that Fairy stories will never die out, though the modern child is not so keen on fairies as we of the older generation were when young. New fairy stories are not very common, but we have just issued one by Mr. H. L'Estrange Malone which should have a wide sale. *The Prison of Glass* (3*s.* 6*d.* net) is the title and there are three other tales with it. The first story is of a prince and a maiden, an old man and others of the days of long ago, and cleverly is it told. There are about a hundred small drawings illustrating the text, besides four coloured plates. ' The Story of a Grump ' is about a poor despised dog; ' Gretchen and Her Seven Brothers,' has a Baron thrown in, and the last story is ' Hag's Castle,' where three old maids lived. How their nephew came to live with them and brought prosperity is well described. Children cannot fail to be charmed with *The Prison of Glass,* for all through there are just those elements of mystery and surprise which make fairy tales so delightful.

For the Schoolboy.

Friar Tuck's Second Term, by Ernest Protheroe (5*s.* net) introduces boys to the hero depicted in a previous book—*Friar*

Tuck's First Term. The second is no less exciting than was the first; in fact once begun this book will not be laid down until the whole of the adventures are devoured. They are a series of thrills from first to last, and some of the escapades of the Friar and his companions almost border on the impossible. But school boys can do what older folks look askance at, and these lads were as lively a lot as could be found in any school. Those in search of a book to give to a boy will find here all he desires.

Two Children's Annuals.

The Tip-Top Annual (3*s.* 6*d.* net) does not belie its name and at the price will take some beating. Stories such as little folk like, poetry which they can easily learn, and pictures, black and white and in colours of brightest hue abound. It is a publication of which the Epworth Press may well be proud. Then there is *Teeny-Weeny's Annual* (3*s.* 6*d.* net) for the youngsters in the nursery, and won't they be delighted to have it! Not only are there many bold pictures in colours as well as in black and white but the text is often in beautiful tones. Rhymes and stories just the right length for kiddies fill the pages, and the book is well bound with varnished picture boards like its companion ' Tip-Top.'

School and Adventure Annuals.

We are getting on, for here is the *School and Adventure Annuals for Girls,* and the same for boys ready for 1929! Each is a bulky book well bound, printed in clear type and abounding in such stories as school boys and girls delight in. The Girls' Annual contains nine great stories, every one of which has the school-girl touch about it. We can imagine the glee there will be when this book finds its way into the school common room. Eight stories are given in the Boys' Annual by well-known writers, and thrills abound. Adventure, mystery, and romance crowd upon each other. Boy Scouts are not neglected, nor is the crook story omitted, whilst the lad who loves an engine—and who does not—will be stirred by a railway yarn. Here is *the* book for the school-boy. At 2*s.* 6*d.* net both are great value.

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